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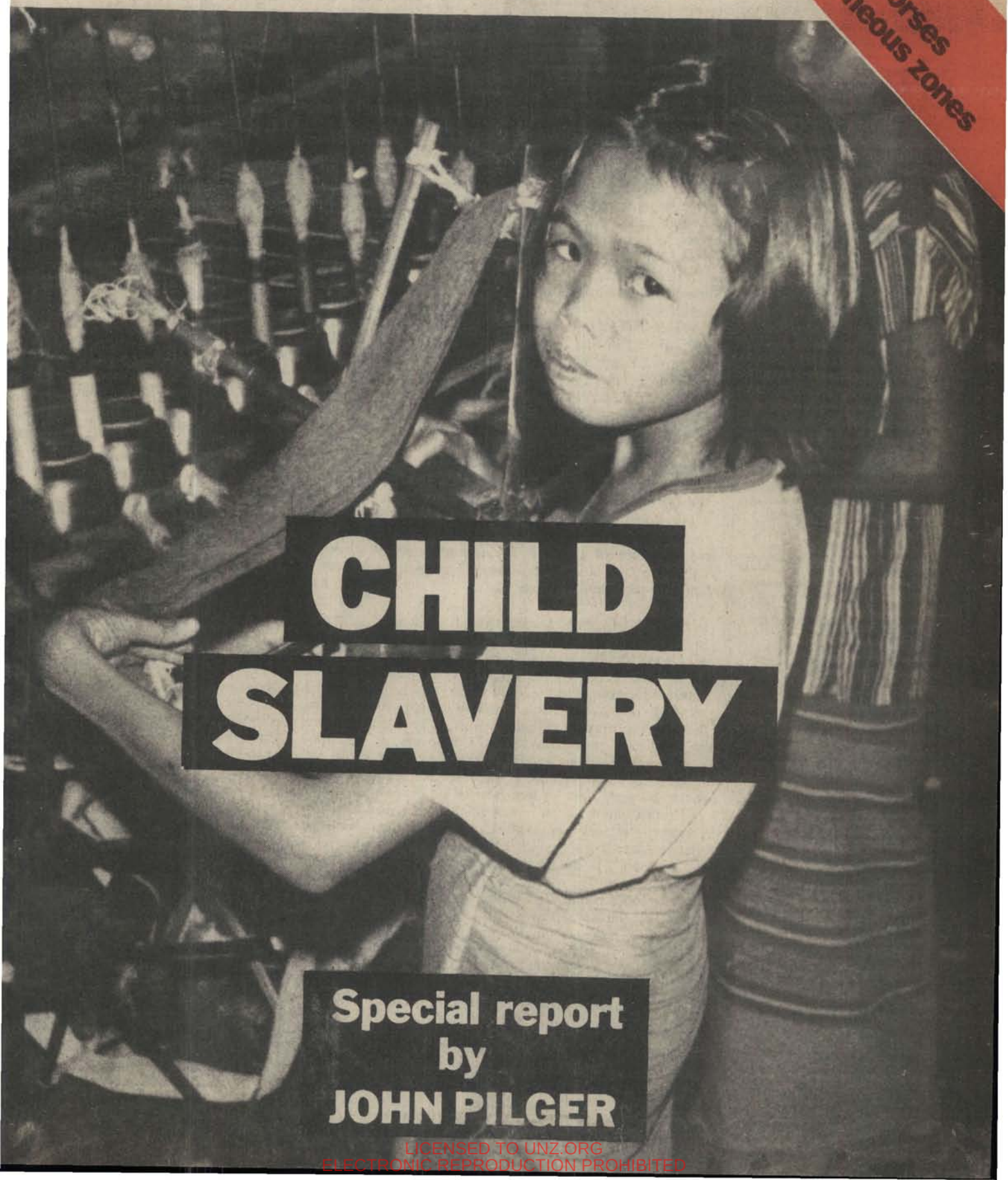

CHILD SLAVERY

Special report by JOHN PILGER

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NEW STATESMAN Vol 104 No 2683 20 August 1982

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Sympathy and freedom

CRITICS of the trade union movement have always been fond of asking why the stronger sections don't come to the aid of the weak. 'Why don't the miners help the nurses for a change?' was a familiar jibe in the candle-lit days of the three-day week. Even within the unions' own ranks similar views have been aired. Les Cannon, the former electricians' leader, went on record in 1970: 'The trade union movement has lost its way, its sense of mission,' he complained. 'The sense of brotherhood (sic) has no meaning. The powerful get what they can, and they leave the weak to get what they can.'

A decade later, the London electricians' press branch has responded to Mr Cannon's – and the health workers' – *cri de coeur*. For their pains they have had an injunction slapped on them and a shower of insults from their current general secretary, Frank Chapple. It is as though the good samaritan had crossed the road only to be told by the clerics that he was a busy-body and anyway he should have used the zebra crossing. How many of us really want the trade unions to develop a more social and less sectional outlook? We are certainly among those who do.

There is little to be gained at this stage from Mr Geraghty seeking martyrdom through the gates of Pentonville, and it would be sensible if the electricians decided to pay the fine imposed for contempt of court. It is, after all, only a fraction of the cost of the newspaper strike to Lords Rothermere and Matthews.

BUT THIS will not be the last of such challenges to the 1980 Employment Act. Sympathetic action is a strong tradition within the trade union movement – whether it is taken simply to help weaker comrades, or out of indirect self-interest, to keep up wages and conditions in a shared industry or locality. The practice will not be eroded by fines or injunctions, nor should it be. Employers, of course, have a similar tradition (what are cartels, if not sympathetic action?). The 1980 Act puts the employer's right to free flow of production and profit before the worker's right to free expression and withdrawal of labour; it assumes that the capital from which labour is withdrawn belongs solely to the proprietor, recognising no claim on behalf of the workers who make the capital render profit. This is one reason why we wish to see the Act repealed.

Another, more pragmatic, reason is that the Act is being used in a damagingly inconsistent way. It leaves employers the discretion to take civil proceedings when they believe unions are breaking the law. Fortunately, they often choose not to. In the present case, public sector employers have clearly thought better of prosecuting the miners, steelworkers and water workers, who have taken sympathetic action with the health workers, and of prosecuting the TUC who have urged it. But the way remains open for unpredictable moves against vulnerable groups of workers – perhaps by employers who have a political axe to grind. By means such as this, industrial relations can be turned into something of a black art.

The electricians' stoppage presages another major problem. Let us assume for a moment that the 1982 Employment Act had been law, as indeed it will be in October, and that COHSE's general secretary, Albert Spanswick, had not asked the print unions to desist. The NGA and Sogat '82 chapels would have followed their executive committee's recommendations and gone out on strike. Under the 1982 Act this would have left both unions open to maximum fines of £250,000.

Only by repudiating the chapels and 'not at any time taking a step which is inconsistent with purported repudiation' could the unions' executive committees and officials extricate the unions from liability. But it is not at all clear what the law means in practical terms. Must the recalcitrant branch be closed down? Must its officers be suspended? And how long will it be before union executives, acting in this way, are repudiated by their membership? Mr Chapple may aspire to the role of policeman of the rank and file. Other general secretaries may not. The measure is a deeply divisive one, as no doubt it is intended to be.

FINALLY, we come to the question of press freedom, no less vital for the labour movement. Print workers in Fleet Street have indicated their intention to take industrial action if the health workers' case is distorted in the press (as it was during the 'winter of discontent') and if they are then refused the right of reply. For this act of solidarity, the print workers have predictably been accused of threatening 'press freedom' themselves.

We would rather the presses were not stopped: after all, what counts is getting information across to the public. But the print workers' resolution is understandable while there are no other means of redress. They are in no less virtuous a position than the proprietors and editors who abuse their power by publishing biased and distorted accounts to serve their own interests. As in the case of the clearing banks (see p.9), powerful individuals can rarely be counted upon to introduce reforms that will curb their own influence. So we must look to parliament (under a sensible government) to introduce the necessary reforms. A statutory 'right of reply' would be no more than a good beginning. We need broader measures to make Britain's media more open, diverse and accountable. □

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Sean Geraghty may switch unions, reports Patrick Wintour

Chapple to sell press branch?

FRANK CHAPPLE, General Secretary of the Electricians' Union, the EETPU, has been considering trying to sell his Fleet Street press branch to one of the print unions. Nothing is being said officially at present by any of the parties, but it is understood that Mr Chapple has already been made offers. It will be the branch's own decision if and when it leaves the union.

The press branch is an autonomous outpost of left-wing militancy, of which its industrial action in support of the health workers was only the latest example. The branch has been such a thorn in Mr Chapple's side that it is thought that he might try and remove it before his retirement. Ballot forms for the election of a successor to Mr Chapple go out next month, although he will not necessarily retire immediately after the election.

During the shutdown at *The Times* Mr Chapple closed the press branch and allied with Times Newspapers management to prevent the press branch controlling future negotiations there. Throughout Fleet Street it has been the press branch secretary Sean Geraghty, rather than the full-time official Bert Gray, who has traditionally led negotiations about electricians' pay and conditions. The press branch and *The Times* electrical chapel forced *The Times* management to back down. Mr Chapple also caved in over the branch suspension.

Since that time both the NGA and Sogat have been eager to woo the 1,200-strong branch. However, new technology has already led to disputes between the electricians and the NGA over the electrical maintenance of machinery. Mr Chapple is said already to have turned down informal offers of £30,000 from the NGA (roughly worth half a year of the branch subscriptions). Mr Chapple is looking for double that figure. It is possible that Sogat '82 might become the electricians' home, since it may give firmer assurances on the electricians' autonomy. Some may argue that the branch should not leave the EETPU because it would weaken the left in that union. □

Frank Chapple: looking for £60,000

Francis Wheen finds a new admirer of the Argentine regime

Galtieri could teach us a thing or two

JOHN TYNDALL, a leading figure on the extreme right wing of British politics for the past two decades, has had a change of heart about the country against which Britain fought in the Falklands.

Shortly after the re-conquest of the islands last month, Tyndall wrote that Britain must continue to strike 'fear and terror' into the Argentines.

However, in the latest issue of his magazine *Spearhead*, Tyndall suggests that there's something to be said for General Galtieri and his colleagues after all. 'How much healthier Britain would be,' he writes, 'if some ten or twenty thousand of the most active far left-wing, subversive and anti-British troublemakers amongst us simply "disappeared".'

Tyndall concludes that Galtieri may have been a chump in foreign policy and incompetent in war but 'it doesn't mean there is nothing we can learn from him.' □

Latest figures show dramatic drop in female training, says Fiona Mallon

Women pay for the cuts

GOVERNMENT cuts in training courses are affecting women particularly badly, according to a report published this week by the Equal Opportunities Commission.

The report shows that the number of young people completing the Manpower Services Commission's Training Opportunities Programme has dropped dramatically. But while male completions fell by only 4 per cent, the number of female completions dropped by 22 per cent from 32,442 to 25,181.

The fall is blamed on the government: 'Women on TOPS courses are heavily concentrated in colleges for further education on shorthand, typing and clerical courses and it is these courses which have been cut back most severely.'

Employers remain reluctant to send women on day release courses. Women are still taking only 19 per cent of places, and most of these are in traditionally female jobs – only a handful make it into mechanical engineering or construction.

The EOC's survey reinforces the findings of Dr Yves Bennett's study earlier this year, which found that many girls who wanted to go into traditionally male employment were channelled by parents, careers teachers and employers back into conventional female jobs. Barbara Ford of the EOC says that 'the most depressing thing is that many girls were well qualified to do these jobs but ended up in traditional occupations which they were not initially interested in'.

Education cuts are also affecting women's training, since women make up 80 per cent of all students on teacher training courses. □

Weavers with byssinosis refused benefit. Richard Belfield reports

Incurable and invisible

MARY TYRER is retired and lives alone in a ground floor flat in Chorley, Lancashire. She is 60 per cent disabled with byssinosis, an incurable lung disease caused by inhaling cotton dust. But unlike the 3,000 other confirmed victims of the disease, whose plight was revealed in the BBC documentary *Dust to Dust* this week, she cannot draw a DHSS disability pension.

Because she only ever worked as a weaver she falls foul of the rules of the Department of Health and Social Security, which state that only those involved in cotton spinning can get byssinosis. Only spinners can therefore be examined by the Pneumoconiosis Panel. As a weaver she is denied this; so the panel cannot confirm her disease and the DHSS cannot give her a pension.

This absurdity was spelled out to her doctor in letters from the DHSS, which say that 'it does indeed look as though her history is consistent with the diagnosis of byssinosis' while confirming that she is not allowed to be examined.

The DHSS currently pays £4 million a year in disability and special hardship allowances to byssinotics. As guardian of the public purse the DHSS has always been slow to extend pension rights, and the case of byssinosis is no exception. To begin with, in the 1930s, only men who had worked in cardrooms for 20 years were eligible. The time period has been progressively shortened, and both sexes can now claim. Among the current claimants 2,000 are women, many of whom worked winding cotton thread. A report in 1967 showed that one in five workers who wound coarse cotton got byssinosis. It was not until 1972 that they were allowed to claim.

The Lancashire cotton spinning industry has now largely disappeared. The present dust safety limit means that one in ten workers can expect to contract byssinosis in a normal working life. However, as half the mills cannot operate within this limit, the true figure may be nearer one in five.

No one knows how many weavers like Mary Tyrer have got byssinosis. Officially they don't exist. □

Ken Ferguson on a council's intimidation

No complaints – or else

MANCHESTER City Council's social services department has been accused of 'intimidation' and 'totalitarianism' following an incident in which one of its drivers was carpeted for writing to his MP.

Fred Vance, who drives elderly and disabled people, wrote to Gerald Kaufman MP, expressing concern over cuts in services in the city. Mr Vance was then called to account at a disciplinary hearing.

In a letter to Mr Kaufman, Manchester's director of social services, Clifford Hilditch, said he was 'surprised and annoyed' that Mr Vance 'should take up this matter with you rather than through either the department and/or his trade union'. But in fact Mr Vance had written to Mr Kaufman on the advice of his union officers, who had asked all NUPE members to lobby their MPs and councillors about the cuts.

In a reply, Mr Kaufman tells Mr Hilditch that he is 'most concerned' at the attitude taken to Mr Vance. Pointing out that Mr Vance had 'every right' to approach his MP, Mr Kaufman warns that 'indeed the question of parliamentary privilege might be involved'. When Mr Vance made this point to his disciplinary hearing, the issue was quietly dropped. □

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Francis Wheen reports on High Court judges

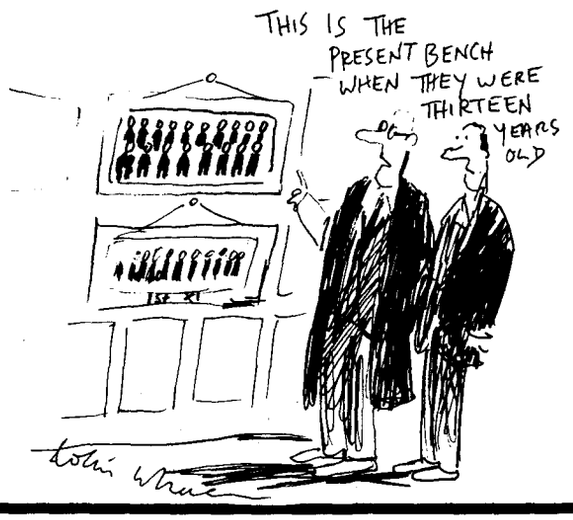
The old school wig

THE PROPORTION of Britain's top judges who were educated at public schools and Oxbridge has actually *risen* over the past decade, according to a survey carried out for the Legal Action Group.

Of the 18 High Court judges appointed between January 1980 and May 1982, 76 per cent had been to public schools and no fewer than 88 per cent had attended Oxford or Cambridge. This is an impressive increase on the figure of 68 per cent and 74 per cent respectively produced by a *Sunday Times* study in the mid-1970s. (All, of course, were white and male.)

The Legal Action Group's *Bulletin* suggests that matters might be improved a little if more circuit judges were promoted to the High Court, since 'they are slightly more likely to be women, to have attended grammar school and red-brick universities and to have a wider range of public experience'. Yet of the 17 appointees covered by this latest survey, only one had previously been a circuit judge.

The *Bulletin* adds that another way of broadening the composition of the High Court would be to bring in more solicitors, who are already allowed to be circuit judges. However, attempts to make solicitors eligible for High Court posts have been blocked in the House of Commons by barrister MPs twice in the past year. □



Building Societies fly to S. Africa. Jane Houlton reports

Mortgaging apartheid

TWENTY-FIVE managers from British building societies will fly out to South Africa this weekend for a brief sojourn in the sun. They will attend an international training school whose purpose, according to the Chartered Building Society Institute, is that 'promising executives should learn how other countries do things and learn different approaches'.

Although building societies provide less than 5 per cent of home loans in South Africa (the bulk of loans being provided to workers by the companies that employ them), they are nevertheless reported to be extremely advanced in management techniques such as data transmission. It is this expertise, apparently, that British participants in the training school are being sent to learn.

What the UK managers are unlikely to learn is the extent to which blacks in South Africa are excluded from the housing market. They cannot legally own any freehold property. They are allowed to buy property leasehold, but this option was only introduced in the late 1970s. Since then, it is estimated, less than 10,000 of the country's 18 million black people have been able to buy homes.

Officially South African building societies do not discriminate against blacks. Their policy was described with some pride by the South African embassy in London as 'far more open than other social matters'. The societies are more than willing to receive deposits from black investors. There is, however, de facto discrimination against *lending* to blacks since the majority of black workers are unlikely ever to earn enough to afford a mortgage.

A new house in Cape Town, for instance, would cost an average 30,000 Rand (about £15,000). Given the stringent conditions for mortgages in South Africa (20 per cent initial deposit, maximum monthly repayment of only a quarter of gross income, no tax relief on interest), a worker would have to earn close to 16,000 Rand (£8,000) a year to support a loan at current interest rates. The black elite, such as drivers, earn only about 2,400 Rand a year.

Most of the big building societies in Britain are sending one or two managers to the school. These participants are, according to the Building Societies Association, 'people who've done particularly well, the bright prospects for the future'. □

John Hatton reveals a smear campaign

No money for Lefties

SCUNTHORPE seems certain to lose its Community Relations Office, the only one of its kind in Humberside, as a result of the preoccupation of local Labour luminaries with weeding out Lefties.

Last month Scunthorpe Council voted to end its £10,000 annual grant to the town's Community Relations Council, following a decision taken in secret by the ruling Labour group. This followed five years of carping by local Conservatives and people now in the SDP about the alleged left-wing bias of the organisation, which employs five staff, including a £9,500-a-year Community Relations Officer, John Tanner, whose salary is funded by the Commission for Racial Equality (CRE).

Although the local council's contribution meets only a third of the cost of the office, CRE funds and urban aid grants are both conditional on local authority finance being made available.

Scunthorpe has the highest proportional immigrant population in Humberside. The CRC runs an advice centre, an adventure playground for immigrant children and mother tongue classes. It also won a notable victory by making the British Steel Corporation abandon language tests for immigrant workers.

Although the local council has not given any reason for the abrupt end to the CRC, a peculiar four-page document has been circulating among members of the ruling Labour group. After dropping broad hints that Mr Tanner and a former chairman of the CRC, John Grayson, are members of Militant Tendency – which they are not – it goes on to allege that the CRC 'is being used by a small group of anti-democratic people loosely associated with the Militant Tendency, the SWP, the WRP and other TROTSKYITE organisations, all under the leadership of John Grayson'.

The document, which is understood to be the work of a local councillor, says that public officers should behave 'circumspectly'. It adds: 'Mr John Tanner, in spite of continual reminder of this fact, has tended to fly in the face of convention and ensure that his private and professional lives are run in harness. SUCH CONDUCT IS MOST UNWISE.'

The conduct complained of is a demonstration against BSC chairman Ian McGregor and Norman Tebbit, which took place earlier this year when they were both in town on the same day. John Tanner appeared with a placard.

Having disposed of the CRC management, the document goes on to criticise the work of the CRC. Their adventure playground is described as 'a brothel for the mini-tartlets of the area', and the CRC management are ludicrously accused of burning the playground down when an investigation was planned into it.

The closure of the CRC is the latest move by the council's ruling Labour group to purge itself of elements which it sees as leftist. John Grayson, the group's bogeyman of the CRC, was a local councillor for ten years until he resigned in disgust last year. □

John Salmon reports

Family may be broken up

A FAMILY of Asians in Leeds has taken the Home Office to the European Commission on Human Rights as part of their battle to stay in Britain. But the Home Office says it still intends to deport them.

Shaukat and Iffat Darr, and their daughter Seema, came to Britain in December 1974 and are legally 'overstayers'. There is thus no doubt that they have broken the immigration law. However, they have a three-year-old son Burhaan, who was born in Britain. As a British citizen he cannot be deported but in effect he will be, unless he is to be separated from his parents.

The Darrs are well settled in Britain and regard Leeds as their real home. They are on good terms with their neighbours: two white women from the area spoke on their behalf at a recent press conference.

However, the main argument against deportation is that the rest of the family, including Shaukat Darr's parents and brother, are also in Britain. He says he overstayed because his mother begged him not to leave her.

Shaukat's family used to live together in Kenya. All except Shaukat, who became a Kenyan citizen, opted for British nationality. As a result, his father and brother lost their jobs through Africanisation, and came to Britain in 1973. Because they are not Kenyan citizens, Shaukat's mother and father would not be allowed to join him if he were deported.

This is the ground for the family's petition to the European Commission on Human Rights. Their legal representative, Hugo Storey, maintains that deportation would amount to 'interference with the right of respect for family life' under the convention on human rights, and he hopes it will be accepted that 'family life' goes beyond the immediate nuclear family.

Shaukat also says that he would be unlikely to find employment if he were deported, since the firm where he worked in Kenya has now been totally Africanised.

The Home Office admits that there are some 'compassionate factors' in the case, but insists that 'the public interest' would be best served by deportation. □

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PATRICK WINTOUR

A little crude, Mr Tebbit

TRADE UNIONS are undemocratic and must be reformed from without. We know this to be so because Norman Tebbit has told us so. Mr Tebbit knows this to be so because Mrs Thatcher, without warning him beforehand, blurted it out in the Commons, thus contradicting everything the Employment Secretary had said on the subject previously. Mr Tebbit will now set about 'consulting' – a parliamentary euphemism for listening politely to the CBI, studiously insulting the TUC and doing pretty well what you were going to do anyway. Sometime early next year a third Employment Bill will be introduced. Mr Tebbit has adopted the new policy with little sign of embarrassment. This is entirely in character. His political career took off as an unquestioning bagman to Mrs Thatcher and will progress by the same means.

Mrs Thatcher's own decision to announce a new policy without first consulting her cabinet was similarly in character: some politicians think on their feet, Mrs Thatcher legislates on her feet. However, her Commons statement at the end of June, that she hoped regular postal ballots would be mandatory in union elections by the time of the next general election, was not pure impulse. True, it was partly based on the prejudice that the executive of the National Union of Railwaymen must have been unfairly elected because it had called an unpopular strike. But it was also a blow at the Social Democrats, everyone's favourite punchbag.

The poor old SDP have for some months been beavering away at the ultimate proposals for trade union reform. The centrepiece was to be a unique new formula – postal ballots for the elections of officials and union executives. The proposals were due to be published at the time of the TUC Congress. They were going to make a bit of a splash along with the SDP's separate proposals for employee participation. But now even this second issue has been poached. The Tories have 'agreed in principle' to a proposal from SDP peers – at present inserted as a new Clause 1 in the Employment Bill in the House of Lords – which makes it mandatory for a company to state in its annual report what progress has been made towards employee participation. If political clothes-stealing were a civil offence, the SDP would have good grounds for seeking an injunction against Mr Tebbit.

SDP policy-makers are insisting that their proposals are still unique. But the fact is that when one has worked for a long time on one's policies and one is trying to project them as radical and innovative, and then the neanderthal wing of the Tory Party actually agrees . . . it's enough to make one vewy angwy.

The underlying assumption of both Tory and SDP thinking is that trade unionists are incapable, indeed uninterested, in reforming themselves and running a democratic organisation. So the law must be brought in. The chief proposal is simple – that postal ballots should be used for the elections of all union executives and perhaps for most senior union officials. The aim is to weaken the union branch, which – in Tory mythology – only militant activists attend.

Take the case of the NUR, which so offended Mrs Thatcher. Members of the

'Some unions are adopting a more democratic process than was ever used to reform the Conservative Party . . .'

executive are elected at branch meetings, which few attend. The candidate who wins the most votes is then credited with all the votes of the total branch membership regardless of what proportion of the branch attended or how narrow the result was. The 'hollow nature of the democracy' is thus covered up. The postal ballot can by-pass the branch and the activists. The silent majority triumphs.

The line of thought is a little crude. An executive irregularly elected by postal ballot is not a sufficient condition for a democratic union. The electricians, for instance, have one of the most centralised unions in Britain yet their executive is elected every five years by postal ballot.

Many unions try to reform themselves and in the process adopt a more subtle approach to the task than the SDP-Tebbit alliance. One of the first to use outside consultants was the National Union of Public Employees, which commissioned a study by Warwick University industrial relations unit in 1975. The review led to the establishment of a system of shop stewards and industrial committees. At its annual conference this year NUPE 'reviewed' the review and stuck with the changes, in the process rejecting the election of full-time officials.

Now the Society of Civil and Public Servants has just had a two-year study completed by Warwick, entitled A Programme for Union Democracy, published this week. The proposals are currently being discussed by the union's executive committee in a series of marathon sessions. The response will then be published and the proposals voted on at next year's conference – a more democratic process than ever used to reform the Conservative Party.

The Society has 100,000 members, a quarter of them in the DHSS. Sixty per cent are executive officer grade, 40 per cent live in London or the South East, the average number of members working in one site or in close proximity to each other is 42, although there are tiny pockets of isolated members scattered throughout the country. The Union leans to the left.

But there is a problem. As one member of the Society's executive told the Warwick team: 'What we've got at the moment is a very wide disparity between the active member and the non-active member.' The report observes: 'Most members' involvement in the Society is simply through the payment of union subscriptions, reading circulars and Society journals, receiving occasional verbal reports from Society representatives and through talking about the union with colleagues at work.'

Currently the branch is the contact point between the member and the union. Branches send delegates to sectional and main conferences, as well as to the local trade union side Whitley Committee. They also decide whom their conference delegates should vote for in the annual National Executive elections.

Most branches meet around twice a year, but have their own executive committees which meet more often. Attendance at the average branch Annual General Meeting is a third of the membership. At other meetings attendance is lower. The difficulty the report isolates is that the union's structure attempts to mirror that of the employer rather than meeting the needs of the members. Each branch is restricted to members working for a particular civil service department or government employer, such as the Tourist Board. This unnecessarily divides the membership. Thus branches in the DHSS and Customs and Excise, where membership is heavily concentrated, have around 470 members each, while a third of all the union's branches have fewer than 75 members. This structure also means that members have miles to travel to attend branch meetings.

The report offers the union the choice of being a participative union or a service to the membership. If it wants the former, branches must be better tailored to fit the distribution of members in each area, even if it means members from different civil service departments being in the same branch. A shop steward system must be set up (the first in the non-industrial civil service). The stewards would have membership of the branch executive.

To combat sectionalism within the union, the Report recommends greater emphasis on regional organisation. District committees are proposed, as well as regional committees with each region having one place reserved on the national executive. A fifth of the seats on the executive would be reserved for women – one of many proposals to increase women's participation in the union.

Many unions have problems similar to those of the Society – low branch attendance, few participating women and archaic structures that don't match industrial changes. Mr Tebbit's proposals won't solve anything, but that shouldn't stop unions having the courage to put their own house in order. □

Peter Kellner is on holiday.

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Erroneous zones

JANE HOULTON and FIONA MALLON investigate the new Enterprise Zones, and find they are causing as many problems as they are trying to solve

OUR ONCE FLOURISHING INNER cities had been founded on the dynamism of individuals, their initiative and healthy pursuit of wealth. Could not entrepreneurs create a prosperous society there again? . . . We had to free entrepreneurs from interfering regulations . . . and we had to attract people with enterprise and initiative to generate new wealth and new jobs . . . In my second Budget Speech with the enthusiastic support of colleagues – the concept quickly became an important reality.

These were the words of Sir Geoffrey Howe as he opened the Isle of Dogs Enterprise Zone this May. Two months later, in July, he announced, as part of the job creation measures unveiled during the unemployment debate, that the Government would double the number of Enterprise Zones from the 11 already designated since March 1980.

By freeing entrepreneurs from the fetters of regulation and control, and by overcoming what the Chancellor once called – in a desperate mix of metaphors – 'the chasm of red tape', Enterprise Zones are intended to get bureaucracy off the back of business and re-develop derelict areas. They also offer considerable financial inducements to companies – such as ten years of freedom from rates and savings in tax.

The box shows the range of benefits offered to firms setting up in Enterprise Zones. A simple formula; and an experiment that, according to Sir Geoffrey, has been 'a considerable success'.

In terms of job creation, however, the 11 Zones already designated have been far from successful. At best they have merely accelerated developments already under way. At worst, they have generated windfall profits for companies and developers who just happened to be in the right place at the right time. And along the way, they have caused a lot of disruption and discontent.

The Zones have indeed attracted large numbers of companies into their areas, but the majority are established firms who are uprooting from bases elsewhere. On the Isle of Dogs, for instance, of eight companies about to buy sites to build factories, all are existing companies rather than new enterprises. The pride of the Isle of Dogs Zone so far is an investment by the *Daily Telegraph* – which will transfer its printing plant to Docklands from Fleet Street and with it 2,000 jobs. At Trafford Park, of 35 investors in the Zone, only seven are completely new enterprises. Fifty small companies have moved into Dudley, but most are said to have hopped over the border from the adjoining council, Sandwell, which has the highest rates in the Midlands. Presumably Sandwell is none too pleased.

In Clydebank, described by the Chancellor as a 'beacon of private enterprise' in 'one of the heartlands of Scottish Socialism', as many as 54 brand new ventures have set up among 120 firms in the Zone. This is a relatively high ratio of new job creation – attributed, ironically enough, to the stringency of the Scottish Development Agency, which is keeping a sharp eye out for companies trying to shunt jobs from one location to another.

So much for the theory that enterprise thrives on absence of control. A number of the Zones clearly administer their own vetting systems. At the Isle of Dogs, Zone manager Peter Turlik confirms that properties are not available to the highest bidder. The Zone's executives choose between companies according to the kind of business they're in, the employment density of the project, the building they'll construct *and* whether the company intends to stay once the ten-year holiday from rates is over. Meanwhile in Corby, Oxford University Press and British American Tobacco have decided not to set up inside the Zone, caring more about 'suitable' neighbours than freedom from interfering planners. One way and another, bureaucratic control has a larger part to play than the Chancellor would have liked us to believe.

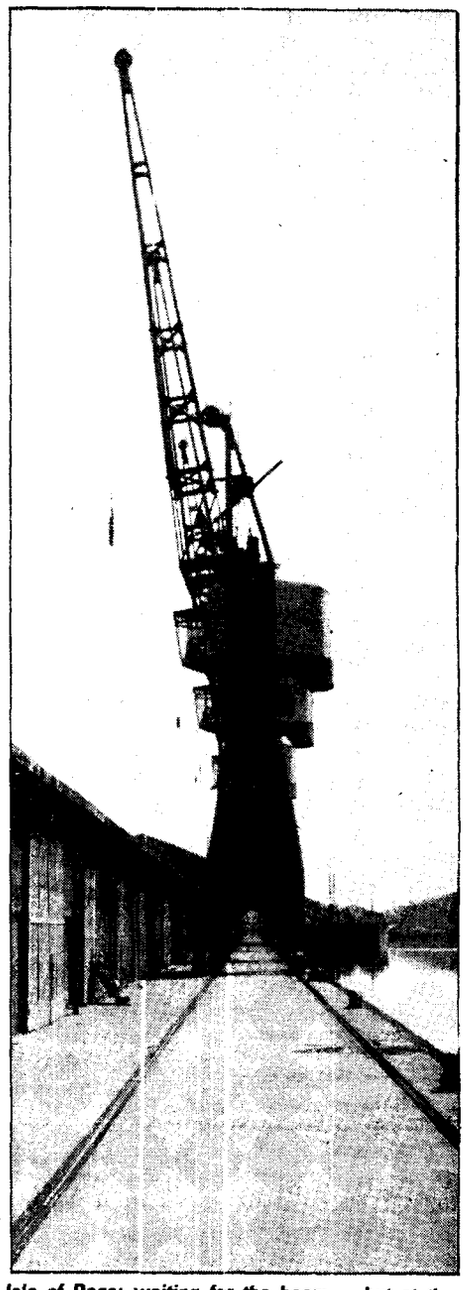
A POLL by the *Financial Times* in March showed that agents for one Zone in the North found many firms setting up in the Zone had come from no further than 15 to 20 miles away. At the Isle of Dogs, of eight firms under serious consideration, only one came from outside the London area. Hardly something that can be claimed as a triumph for progressive capitalism.

Local planners and Zone executives believe that rather than having provoked economic development, the Zones have *speeded up* the pace of it. Peter Turlik of the Isle of Dogs Zone remarked: 'I would like to think the growth would have occurred anyway, but it would have taken longer'. According to a Trafford council planner, Mr Farmer: 'There's a consensus that it wasn't the Zone in itself that got things going. The Zone probably just tipped the balance.'

Much of the groundwork for development at Corby was under way long before an Enterprise Zone was located there. Corby, a New Town depending on British Steel's plant and devastated by its closure, had already received substantial regional aid and EEC grants; it had good logistics and excellent factories. Terry McGrain of the Corby Development Corporation said:

> I think many of the companies would have come here anyway. Associated British Foods, for example, get their cereal crops from the Norfolk and Lincolnshire areas and have their finishing mills in Birmingham. Corby is ideally situated. They would have come anyway.

Some lucky companies, already operating



Isle of Dogs: waiting for the boom – but at the expense of its neighbours

What companies get in Enterprise Zones

- No rates to pay for ten years
- 100 per cent allowance against tax for building costs
- No Development Land Tax to pay
- No need for Industrial Development Certificates
- Much simplified planning procedures
- Little official interference

Zones in operation: Tyneside, Corby, Speke, Hartlepool, Wakefield, Salford, Trafford, Dudley, Isle of Dogs, Clydebank, Swansea.

The concessions are in addition to any regional or urban aid money available

Local authorities are reimbursed by Central Government for any loss of rate income.

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in Zones before they were designated, have received large windfall bonuses: at a stroke they received exemption from the rate bills and found that the capital value of their land and buildings was soaring. Swansea City Council, for instance, received a grateful letter from the managing director of Morganite Electrical, a company already established before the Swansea Zone was created around it:

> The relief from rates (worth £160,000) had been a considerable help to Morganite Electrical and was a significant factor in enabling the company to continue with its £1 million investment transferring production facilities from Chadwell Heath to Swansea in spite of the recession.

Other companies had been sitting on land that was too unprofitable to develop, until it was included in an Enterprise Zone. One developer at Trafford Park is opening up railway sidings which had been derelict for years, and constructing units which 'are letting like hot cakes' to companies eager to take their share of the rates and tax handout. British Steel and Tube Investments, who owned derelict land within the Dudley Zone, have seen the value of their land rise by 20 per cent and are now starting to develop it.

'Surprisingly enough,' said one local estate agent, 'the pro-market Chancellor didn't see that the market would simply adjust to compensate for the bonanza inside the Zones'. Either land values and rent have soared for property inside the Zones – or else they have plummeted for property outside. According to a report by the District Valuer at Trafford in April 1982, while land values stood at £50-70,000 per acre for land within the Zone, land values outside had fallen to £35-50,000. Rent within the Zone stood at around £1.71 per square foot on average; rents outside were around £1.21, with agents offering as low as 93p per square foot, and offering lures of rent-free periods of up to a year. In Corby and Dudley too, rents have gone down outside the Zones; Brian Carne of Dudley's Chamber of Commerce says that the periphery of the Zone has been blighted.

Not surprisingly, the most bitter opponents of Enterprise Zones have been local companies who have lost out where their rivals have cashed in. At Trafford Park, local timber merchants objected strongly to one of their competitors being inside the Zone. One small company in Dudley, unable to sell its factory because buyers were more interested in the rate-free properties inside the Zone, complained vehemently. A group of Manchester entrepreneurs wrote to the Government to protest about unfair competition.

The small entrepreneurs are not alone. The CBI was singularly ungracious in its response to the Chancellor's July announcement. Sir Terence Beckett said of the job creation measures: 'They will do little more than tinker at the edges of our present problem.' And he went on: 'If the whole country were made an Enterprise Zone and removed from the crippling burden of business rates and planning restrictions, then we might really be talking.' Perhaps that's what Sir Geoffrey has in mind. □

UNEMPLOYMENT

Galvanised into inaction

PHILIP CLAYTON, a college graduate who has been unemployed for the last two years, offers his personal description of the failure of the labour movement to do anything decisive about unemployment

OVER A YEAR ago, trade unionists up and down the country were galvanised into activity by a unique event – the grandly titled People's March for Jobs. It was unique because throughout the 1930s the TUC had refused to have anything to do with unemployment marches. Last year, the People's March, originally sponsored by the North West Regional TUC, was taken up at national level and became the symbol of the TUC's intention to fight unemployment.

Nobody could have realistically expected that the march would change government policy. But despite political arguments between individuals and groups on the march, we who took part stood in the May sunshine convinced that a start had been made in fighting this ugliest manifestation of capitalism's crisis. Were we equally unrealistic?

The local impetus for People's Marches is still strong, with another being organised, for instance, in the West Midlands. The weeks spent in the organisation can have more political impact than the march itself: money has to be raised, marchers sponsored, literature written and printed, local union organisations persuaded to arrange food, accommodation and entertainment along the route. It's one of the rare occasions when employed trade unionists are asked to share with the unemployed the responsibility for protest.

What then is the TUC itself doing to follow up conference demands for action on unemployment? There is a short answer: centres for the unemployed. They are practical and don't demand mass agitation. (Ironically, there would be less need for them had not campaigns against the punitive methods of paying unemployed benefits speeded up reform of the system. For today's routine of infrequent signings-on and standardised payments – so much more humane and rational than in the 1920s – rarely brings the unemployed together with some tangible target for them to organise against. There is just you, a shuffling queue, and a vast 'system'.)

The development of unemployment centres came, like several other ideas, from Newcastle Trades Council. In 1978 it set up its own unemployed centre which was featured on a BBC *Open Door* programme in 1980. As a result, requests came in from all over the country for more information about the centre and about the unemployed workers' union that had been started there. A weekend conference was organised in January 1981 for everyone who had expressed an interest. At the conference, a representative from the TUC produced a set of guidelines for such centres, focussing the discussion – and, some thought, diverting it – on to the issue of centralised rules for unemployment centres.

The TUC was determined that control of the centres should remain in the hands of trades councils and TUC regional councils. A central bulletin was started which collated local information and set out further guidelines for the function and management of the centres. Issue 2, for instance, said all the centres should provide information, counselling, education and representations on behalf of the unemployed on issues such as concessionary fares. Issue 4 said that it was up to trades councils and TUC regional councils to decide what groups should belong to the management committee. The one proviso was that trade union and local authority representatives should always be in the majority.

The centres were to be financed by a mixture of local funds and grants under the Manpower Services Commission's Community Enterprise Scheme (now absorbed into the new Community Programme which pays workers £30 a week less than under the Enterprise Scheme). The fourth issue of the Bulletin published a list of jobs which would be eligible for MSC funding: education, development/outreach, playgroup/creche organiser, youth worker, welfare rights organiser, administrator/supervisor. They put the centres firmly in the realm of social services rather than agitation. Those who pay the piper call the tune and the October 1981 Bulletin pointed out that 'the MSC would be obliged to discontinue funding for any centres or schemes that were used for party political activities.'

FORTUNATELY, though, a lot depends on how the guidelines are interpreted. If *party* political activity is banned from the centres there can still be plenty of political activity, pointed out Mr Manning, a spokesman from the North West Regional TUC. While the Oldham centre is primarily concerned with welfare rights advice, in Walton, Liverpool, much more stress is laid on campaigning and educational courses. One is going on at the moment about 'social audit' – whether or not companies and institutions carry out their social responsibilities as well as financial ones. In Pendle, Lancashire, more emphasis is laid on social activities and hobbies such as photography. Additionally, they have had an ambitious Community Enterprise Scheme in which unemployed people were paid, until the recent changes, a good rate for useful work, like decorating old people's homes.

'You have to give people what they want, something to get them together,' said Sid Clay, organiser of services for the unemployed for the Northern Regional TUC. 'Not all people are budding politicians. If the trade union movement is not seen to be doing something for people, then you lose them'. They try to raise

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money from local trade union members by donations and levies deducted from wages at source. But 'there wouldn't be as many centres without MSC cash and MSC funded workers.'

In Wales, they think the structure of management committees is necessary, said David Jenkins of the Welsh TUC. Where local authority premises are used for the centres, they must be run by people with recognised status in case of problems. Funds must be administered by people who are accountable. But, said their spokesperson, the centres don't attract a large number of the unemployed. 'It is a sad criticism of the centres that they haven't got through to their market'. There may be problems with how the centres are run now, 'but nobody has come up with any alternative.'

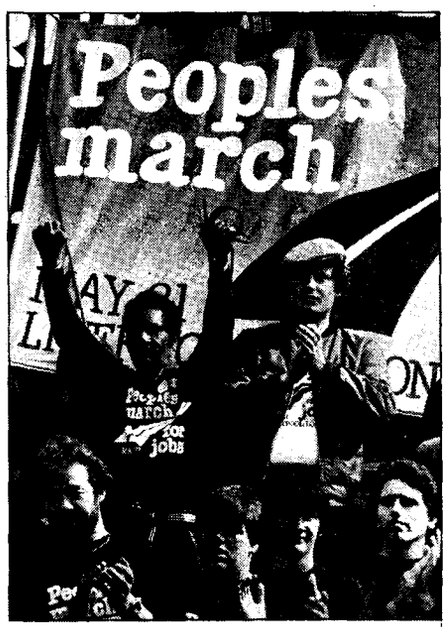
Considerable ingenuity will have to be exercised by anyone who wants to break the mould of unemployment centres. For MSC funds were drying up even before the Community Enterprise Scheme was absorbed into the Community Programme. It is already too late for Birmingham, Bristol and Glasgow, three of the major cities which haven't got unemployed centres.

What would the political parties do? The Communist Party supports the centres, but thinks they must have a sharper and harder campaigning edge and not just be used for tea and sympathy. 'Behind the good motives there exists bad practice, a fear of leaving the unemployed to their own devices, which expressed itself in the official movement through not giving the unemployed a sufficient role in campaigning,' thinks Mick Costello, the party's industrial organiser.

The Right to Work Campaign, backed by the Socialist Workers' Party, has been one of the most consistent campaigns since it was set up in 1975, and last year it took 900 people on a march from Liverpool to Blackpool. But it believes that only the TUC has the resources to conduct a nationwide fight against unemployment.

The Labour Party has no specific campaign against unemployment. It fully supports the TUC centres and tends to put its money – as with the expensive spring campaign on the Alternative Economic Strategy – behind the priorities of the TUC.

ALTHOUGH TIME has swelled the reputation of the inter-war National Unemployed Workers' Committee Movement into a more powerful and popular organisation than it actually was, it certainly did exist as an active and agitational body. After the 1981 Newcastle conference, a second meeting was organised in Leicester to discuss starting an organised movement. A new national union for the unemployed was formed, and has opposed attempts to restrict those who are eligible for benefit, especially on racist and sexist lines. But it is faced with the dilemma of whether to fight for space in the 'official' labour movement, or whether to condemn officially sponsored schemes for political inertia. For instance, today's NUWM thinks unemployed centres should be run by the unemployed themselves and should not accept MSC cash, that they should be centres for socialism, but that they need TUC backing. The TUC's Bulletin No 6 specifically says: 'Trades Councils and TUC centres should not have any dealings with bodies describing themselves as unemployed workers' unions.'



John Sturrock/Network

This raises an equally grave dilemma for the TUC itself. The unemployed can only play a part in formulating the labour movement's policies 'through membership of a TUC affiliated union' said Bulletin No 6. Yet it is in the nature of today's unemployment that most people out of work would not be eligible for union membership which seems, anyway, quite irrelevant to their needs. A TUC Consultative Conference considered setting up a special TUC section for the unemployed but, reported Bulletin No 8, 'it did not attract widespread support.' This was in part because it would duplicate existing trade union services and in part because financing it would be 'equivalent to an increase in union affiliation of 5p per member per annum.' Would union members not pay 5p a year to help organise the unemployed?

The TUC's 'strategy' for fighting unemployment appears to rest on the hope that a Labour government will get elected again very soon, and then implement reflationary policies. Meanwhile, it sees the function of the centres as offering a small amount of relief to those who have the energy to use them.

Since the People's March I have had three letters from the TUC, one inviting me to a meeting to discuss future activity, one inviting me to an exhibition of march photographs – and one informing me that every marcher would be receiving an illuminated scroll with his or her name on it. That should make the government tremble.

THE TUC's last initiative was memorable. The Jobs Express. A specially chartered train to ferry 400 unemployed youngsters around the country, to be exhibited as true specimens of the dole. Canned unemployment. On Sunday 29 November last year, I hurried off to Hyde Park expecting to see at least 100,000 people in the final demonstration. There were 10,000 at the most, looking lost in such a vast space and shivering miserably in the cold. From all sides I was assailed by stories of empty coaches and trains carrying a fraction of the number expected. Within six months, all the effort, organisation and goodwill generated by the People's March had been frittered away.

Eventually we wound our way down to County Hall, South London, for the speeches. There the star turn was Len Murray: 'Most reactionary government since thirties . . . misery of unemployment . . . blah blah . . . go back and organise . . . blah blah . . . Labour government . . . British people will not stand for it . . . blah'. On and on it went, volume making up for passion, clichés serving as thought. Nobody bothered to listen.

Every month the unemployment figures come out, every month the ritual condemnation is made by union leaders who promptly forget it until the next time. To say the Falklands war distracted people's attention from unemployment is not entirely accurate; it never received much. □

ECONOMETRICS

Punished for a heresy

HENRY NEUBERGER explains why the Cambridge economists have fallen foul of the Social Science Research Council

LAST WEEK the SSRC swung its axe on economic forecasting models, and its axe fell on to the model run by the Department of Economic Affairs in Cambridge. This has surprised no-one who is involved in the field. Not only have they been the present government's most persistent critics, but their methods also differ from the fashionable mainstream of economic and econometric thinking. The composition of the consortium of economists who conducted the review reflected that mainstream. What Cambridge have been punished for is not so much the criticism of the government and certainly not incompetence, but heresy.

Economic models are used in the process of economic forecasting and the evaluation of policy. The model consists of a set of equations which relate different economic factors (such as wages and output) to each other. Running the model consists of working out the implications of the equation over the future. Because the equations never fit the past exactly, this is never an entirely mechanical procedure. Equations are nearly always modified when they are used.

The forecasting record of the Cambridge group has been at least as good as anyone else's, and better than many. They tend to go in for headline-catching forecasts and have had some notable coups as well as some egregious failures. But most forecasting organisations have failures and there have been occasions in the last few years when the more cautious forecasting institutions have all been spectacularly wrong and Cambridge right. The reason for their

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standing out from the crowd is not a desire to catch headlines. It derives from a different approach to the use of models in forecasts.

As Professor Artis found in his comparison of forecasts for the Bank of England, Cambridge make many fewer adjustments to the forecasts which emerge from their models. Most forecasters tend to review the crude products of their models on grounds of 'overall plausibility'. Cambridge approach their forecasting by putting their judgments into the model rather than imposing them on the results. This has the important advantage that when you come to examine a change in policy or a change in the general environment of a forecast there is a systematic and intelligible procedure for evaluating that change. You just run the model, because the model reflects your beliefs. If you have used extraneous non-model judgments in your forecast, you have to revise them, probably in a non-systematic way, for any change in circumstances. It is this difference which makes Cambridge heretical.

The mainstream econometric methodology requires that you allow the 'facts' of economic history a dominant role in determining your model. An elaborate, and potentially powerful and creative procedure associated particularly with the name of David Hendry has been developed in this methodology. It is probably true that the Cambridge group has been somewhat cavalier in its attitide to the subtleties of analysis which can be derived from Hendry's approach. But there seems little doubt that its methodology is superior. By contrast with Hendrification, Cambridge places the *purpose* of modelling above the model itself.

The Hendry methodology uses as few preconceptions as possible about how the economy actually works. This is based on a delusion. Any selection of models is affected by prejudice. There is no unique truth about the economy waiting to be uncovered by econometrics – only different kinds of abstraction. Cambridge place a great deal of emphasis on institutional factors such as the existence of trade unions and large companies. By ignoring this kind of information other modellers are not being more scientific, just narrower in their vision.

It should be the duty of the SSRC to encourage variety. No economists would claim that they had found the uniquely correct view of the world. All would endorse the need to explore avenues other than their own. I would even defend the SSRC's decision to continue support for Patrick Minford's monetarist Liverpool model in spite of its spectacular failures of forecasting and its manifest theoretical idiocies. Liverpool's contempt for data is even greater than Cambridge's. The Commission's preference for the former can only be understood in terms of Minford's support for the present government's policies. The imposition of orthodoxy in any field must be worrying. In an area with such obvious political implications it is even more so. □

The author has worked as an economic forecaster at the Treasury and is now an adviser to Michael Foot.

LABOUR'S PROGRAMME

Breaking up the big boys

How should a Labour government tackle the financial sector of the British economy – the banks, pension funds and insurance companies? CHRISTOPHER HIRD examines Labour's programme and finds its analysis sound but its proposals hopelessly inadequate. He suggests an alternative approach

THE CAPACITY of British industry to provide secure and satisfying employment while remaining financially self-sufficient has been seriously damaged by the prevalence of a particular ideology among financial institutions. This ideology places undue emphasis on short-term profits and liquidity of investment funds, and views investment in the British economy as just another of many world-wide options. Its tenacity is due to the extreme concentration of the control of funds – which in turn can make it hard for the government to borrow money to finance its programmes, and easy for money to be shifted abroad. Thus, in Britain, unlike some other capitalist countries, enterprises are starved of both risk and long-term capital.

In broad outline, this is the analysis on which the Labour Party's policy is based. There are historical as well as psychological explanations. The British financial system was not developed to finance the growth of British industry[1]. And as Keynes demonstrated in his devastating critique of the stock market[2] (which is as pertinent today as in 1936) the professional investors enjoyed making a fast buck, because 'there is a particular zest in making money quickly.' It was, Keynes said, 'the long term investor, he who most promotes the public interest, who will in practice come in for most criticism, wherever investment funds are managed by committees or boards or banks.'

With the financial sector occupying such an important position in the British economy the ideology permeates most enterprises. Jane Houlton's account of the problems facing Sage Aluminium Products, a potentially successful engineering company (*New Statesman* 6 August), showed what this can mean in practice. The Bank of England pension fund provides another useful illustration: under the control of one industrialist and two private sector bankers, it had, in 1979, 15 per cent of its assets (three times the average) invested abroad[3].

The Labour Party's analysis is well supported by empirical evidence but from this promising base it had plunged into a set of policy proposals which offer little hope of challenging the ideology so firmly entrenched at the root of the problem.

Briefly, Labour wants a National Investment Bank, financed by the government and the financial institutions, to provide long-term capital. It wants the Bank of England to have greater powers to force banks to lend long-term, while pension funds and insurance companies will be forced to lend a proportion of their money to the government. If the banks don't mend their ways, the threat is that 'one or more' will be nationalised.

What this amounts to is a compromise hammered out by the party's National Executive Committee to avoid any commitment to the policy favoured by the subcommittee which did all the work – nationalisation of the four largest clearing banks. The major argument against nationalisation – eloquently put by trades union leaders – is that it is unpopular with the electorate and with bank employees.

So far as is known the same people did not voice any opposition to the establishment of a National Investment Bank. Yet, as a 'large scale institution' to which pension funds and the like would 'be expected' to contribute, this might become equally unpopular. It sounds, after all, as though those worker-saver-voters who have little enough control over the billions in their pension funds will see a large chunk of this money disappearing into the maw of yet another big, unaccountable organisation. Why the silence on this aspect of the proposal? The NIB is the brainchild of the TUC.

As the Labour Party succinctly puts it, enormous financial power is currently wielded by 'probably no more than two or three hundred men, bound together by common social background and political views'. Although the concentration of power does not necessarily create the existing ideology, it is a powerful mechanism for perpetuating it. A significant step towards breaking that power would be to divide up the institutions themselves so that there are thousands, not hundreds, of decision makers.

The NIB merely creates a new apex of power accessible to only a few and accountable to the Secretary of State for Planning. Judging by the rest of Labour's Programme, this Planning Secretary will be somewhat busy, apparently bearing sole responsibility for reshaping the British economy. When that kind of power is in the hands of an individual, it's a reasonable bet that his or her enthusiasm for an investment project will be directly related to the strength of the most recent lobbyist. Moreover, to add a few national trade union leaders to the oligarchy of investment managers and bankers who currently run the show will not abolish the oligarchy, merely extend its membership. ▶

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If, instead, a law were passed that prevented any investment fund from being larger than (say) £100 million, the picture could alter dramatically. Rather than a small number of massive national funds, we should have a large number of regionally-based ones. For example, the gargantuan £1,500 million pension fund of the National Coal Board could be broken up so that miners' pension contributions continued to be collected nationally but were distributed to 15 self-managing regional funds. The income produced by these funds would then be pooled for the purpose of paying out pensions. Each of these regional funds would be managed by a separate board of trustees, on which unions would have a statutory representation of 50 per cent (something the TUC is pushing for anyway). A smaller pension fund, such as ICI's, would be broken down into seven, covering larger areas – and so forth. It would be imperative that this legislation also covered the banks in their capacity as pension fund managers, a move which would considerably erode their power. When very large lumps of cash were needed for investment projects, individual funds could combine for that particular venture.

A major appeal of the scheme is that it would give hundreds of workers the opportunity to have real control over a bit of capital. A major objection is that workers lack expertise in investment management. But the best qualification for an investment manager is scepticism in the face of the expert. Workers who have already been given such responsibility have gained confidence with experience: a reasonable aspiration for any Labour policy is to create a lasting structure that will give people this opportunity.

A similar approach would be needed to deal with the banks in their capacity as lenders and cheque-clearers. However, given the undoubted loyalty of bank employees to existing companies and the advantage of national networks for many personal banking services, it seems sensible to keep the present company structure. If the banks' attitudes to lending and risk-taking are to be transformed without replacing private bureaucracies with state bureaucracies, a significant degree of local autonomy will have to be introduced into their decision-making process. The banks already have a regional and divisional structure, but in practice the important lending guidelines come from above and responsibility for many decisions tends to be pushed up the hierarchy. There is very little prospect that those who currently run the banks will make changes that reduce their own power – which is why the Labour Party's hope that they will reform themselves is fanciful. Thus, a necessary – but not sufficient – condition for the kind of reform that must take place is the nationalisation of the banks. □

1. National Attitudes and the Financing of Industry, Yao-Su Hu, PEP Broadsheet 559, December 1975.
2. *General Theory*, Chapter 12.
3. *That's the Way the Money Goes*, John Plender, Deutsch, 1982.

FOREIGN NEWS: THAILAND

Frogmarched into slavery

JOHN PILGER's recent report on child slavery was dismissed by the Thai government and supporting journalists as a 'hoax'. Here he explains the background to the story and the subsequent political campaign to discredit him

SHORTLY BEFORE the tourists embark on their sunrise shopping tour of Bangkok's floating market, a unique spectacle unfolds at the main railway station. There is no mention of it in the brochures about Thailand, offering temples, bargains and brothels: the latter known locally as massage parlours and teahouses. It occurs chiefly during the dry season months of January, February and March, in the Victorian colonnades of the station and the adjacent street of 'employment agencies': another officially-inspired euphemism for shops where children are auctioned and bonded, bought and sold, in the only open market in human beings in Asia.

When the trains arrive from the rural north, often from places of extreme poverty, they are met by 'fisherwomen', who affect a neat and matronly way and carry overnight bags so that they look like travellers. Theirs is the most apt euphemism; it means child catchers. With the bait in their smiles and offers to carry the knapsacks of children arriving in bewildered groups or alone, the fisherwomen price and appraise the 'little properties', who are sent by families desperate or tricked by poachers into believing a 'better life' awaits their children in a city they have never seen. Other children arriving at the station, travelling with a fisherwoman, have been abducted. It is unlikely that any of these women, who get up to half of the child's 'contract' or selling price, will ever be prosecuted.

'Did you get any kids so far?' one woman was overheard saying to another. 'No, not yet', came the reply, 'too many have damn escorts with them'. But there were more trains to come; and we were able to watch one of these predators lead five boys and girls to a waiting minibus. For the three of us who were at the station that morning – Tim Bond, the author of two United Nations reports on child slavery in Thailand, *Daily Mirror* photographer Peter Stone and myself – the most compelling sight was that of one small boy, perhaps eight years old. He had been snatched so quickly by a man, who grabbed him by the neck and frogmarched him, that when we gave chase the two of them had vanished behind the steel shutters of an 'employment agency'. From there he, and the other children of that day's 'catch', would go into hard labour in sweatshop factories or in brothels or, at best, as domestic servants. The average price of each child, for at least one year and perhaps for all its childhood, would be £50.

In his first report to the United Nations Working Party on Slavery, in 1980, Tim Bond estimated that up to 500 children were bought and sold at Bangkok railway station each week when crops failed due to a lack of irrigation. Bond himself bought two children and documented how he returned them to their parents in the north-east. His report, *The Price of a Child*, was released around the same time the Anti-Slavery Society published the results of its typically detailed enquiries in Thailand, often using official sources. 'According to Thai government officials', said the Anti-Slavery report, 'there are at least 5,000 unregistered factories in the country which not only employ children under 12 years with impunity, but also ill-treat them, making them work in inhumane conditions'. It described how poor children were parted from their parents for between £70 and £100 'on the understanding that the child must work for a year without pay', and how most of these children, 'virtually reduced to the status of bonded labourers or slaves' would not see their families again.

THE THAI government, a military dictatorship with cosmetic 'democracy', responded to this onslaught at first with panic, fearing for its cultivated image as a tourist-happy Asian bastion against the Red Threat. The Anti-Slavery Society had quoted a Bangkok Bank statistic of 3,500,000 children involved in slavery, as well as an internal Labour Department report, which estimated that almost a million children, aged between eleven and fourteen, were labouring and another million *under ten years old* were absent from school and 'many' of these were working: that is, 'exploited', the euphemism for enslaved.

The director-general of the Labour Department, a bluff and shrill self-publicist called Vichit Saengthong summoned a press conference to denounce the international investigations as 'sensationalist and exaggerated' and to invite the authors 'to come back and get the real facts'. It was the first of many such press conferences, the first of many such 'denunciations'.

For expatriate Westerners it is often easy to take the colonial and racist view of Thai society: that it is manipulative and benignly crooked; and certainly corruption is endemic in the regime and its bureaucracy. But there is a deep and courageous radical vein in Thailand, a legacy in part of the spontaneous popular organisations which surfaced during the brief years of democracy, from 1973 to 1976, before the Right and the military returned to power with the massacre of unarmed students at Thammasat University. There are Thai journalists and Thai human rights groups, such as the tenacious CGRS (Co-ordinating Group for Religion in Society) who have long cam-

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Don Luce

David Hayes

Bangkok factories run on child labour: 'A slave trade does not exist', says Vichit Saengthong, director-general of the Thai Labour Department

paigned against what they call 'Thailand's dark side' – especially the thousands of 'missing' children sold into slavery.

Last year Chuchart Kangwaan, a brave reporter in a country of many personal dangers and many facades, including the facade of free speech, published a six-page report in *Asiaweek* entitled 'The Child Trade'. As a social document it has few equals; Chuchart Kangwaan writes about the taking of children as young as seven years old; of 12-year-old pubescent virgins forced to service 2,000 men a year until they are 'finished' at 18; of small boys filling battery cells with carbon, without masks or clothing to protect them from the effects of manganese poisoning and eventual paralysis; of the police shoring up this scandal; of the law held in contempt.

I saw much of this when I went to Thailand early this year. At the Emergency Relief Centre for Women and Children, I interviewed two children recently 'rescued' from a factory. Their routine was: get up at six in the morning, work until midnight, in darkness, cross-legged, never standing: wrapping and packing sweets. 'When I got sleepy working', said one of them, 'a woman gave me medicine to keep me awake. When I worked a bit slowly a woman hit me on the head'. In one previous 'rescue' six children were found permanently crippled after working in this position; and it was only when two girls died from heart failure and pneumonia that the police acted. The factory is still in business. The 'employment agencies' and 'fisherwomen' are still in business. Vichit Saengthong is still director-general of the Labour Department.

THIS MINISTER is central to the following events, which involve myself and demonstrate the extent to which the Thai regime, its protectors and apologists, have attempted to cover up the scale and voracity of the slave trade and its importance to a supply-and-demand economy based on cheap goods made by cheap or bonded or slave labour, and on tourism attracted by prostitution, which is mostly enforced and often involves children. All this is illegal under existing Thai laws, yet all is tacitly or openly condoned by a government whose ability to attract foreign capital and foreign exchange as well as foreign arms, is essential to its political survival, because it has no popular base.

The director-general of the Labour Department, Vichit Saengthong, has said 'a slave trade doesn't exist' and that 'the police help minimise child exploitation'. He said this when confronted by Chuchart Kangwaan's documented evidence. He is regional chairman of the International Labour Organisation (ILO), whose conventions demanding the abolition of forced labour have been ratified by the government of Thailand.

While he enjoys this plum of international respectability, Vichit Saengthong's other hobby is publicly discrediting journalists who point to this hypocrisy. For example, last year *Stern* magazine published a long report by its Southeast Asia correspondent, Dr Erich Follath, who described how he bought two children and returned them to their parents. Follath and his photographer were tried and found 'guilty' of fabricating the whole episode at one of Vichit's press conference 'showtrials', at which the parents of the children were forced to 'apologise for defaming Thailand'. Follath was in no doubt that his story was true; but his affidavits supporting it could not counter the official facility for intimidation in Thailand. His Thai go-between was located by the police, who told him he had 'lost Thailand thousands of German tourists and had hurt the economy'.

Last May it was my turn. Earlier, Tim Bond had arranged for me to buy an eight-year-old, called Sunee, and together with a Thai human rights official and interpreter, we returned her to her home in Pitsanu-

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loke, some 400 miles from Bangkok. My report, published in the *Daily Mirror,* was widely syndicated shortly before an important Thai trade mission to Europe led by the prime minister, General Prem. I had suggested in the piece that the thousands of unprotected children who helped Thailand to gain cheaper and more competitive prices were vital to this export drive.

So on 28 May Vichit Saengthong triumphantly presented yet another terrified set of parents who 'apologised for defaming Thailand'. Vichit's story was that Bond, Peter Stone, the Thai human rights official and I had 'set up' the story, saying we were making a 'mighty feature movie called Hell's Factory' and that we wanted a 'child star'. It was such a transparently ridiculous tale (where was our 'movie' equipment?) that much of the local press regarded it with appropriate incredulity. However, Auberon Waugh, the gossip writer, did not. In an article in the *Spectator,* he quoted Vichit's rubbish in terms which clearly showed that it had his approval.

'Bron' Waugh may be considered merely an extremist clown in Britain, but in Thailand, where he junkets frequently, he is taken rather more seriously. With his effusive apologising for the regime in the *Spectator,* the *Sunday Telegraph* and in *Private Eye* he is regarded as a most valued propagandist for the regime during these uncertain economic times, with *coup d'etat* rumours rife. When the first United Nations report on slavery was published, Waugh wrote *(Private Eye* 29 August 1980): 'Nobody who has ever visited a Thai brothel (let alone a factory) will believe that there is any element of slavery involved.' Waugh has described the Thai dictatorship as 'mild, benign and high-principled' (*Spectator* 31 July 1982) and its latest revolving door general-in-charge as 'beautiful'. And as for this high-principled regime's close links with Pol Pot's genocidal Khmer Rouge, Waugh laments (*Spectator* 17 April 1982): 'It was not easy to defend the previous spartist regime of Pol Pot'. But of course 'it is possible to meet Khmer Rouge leaders at dinner parties in Bangkok' who are 'the most charming people'. *Ad nauseam.*

When Waugh and the *Spectator* were anxiously seeking some evidence to justify the publication of the director-general's undignified charade, Vichit Saengthong, no doubt trying to be helpful to them, suddenly changed his story and announced that Bond, Stone, the human rights official and I were no longer guilty conspirators but 'sad' victims of a hoax. It did not occur to him that both charges were incompatible; clearly, the first smear attempt had been bungled. Enter, to Waugh's rescue, the *Far Eastern Economic Review.*

Except for several outstanding commentators, such as Nayan Chanda on Indochina, the Hong Kong-based *Review* has been not unfairly described as 'the media voice of Western business interests in Asia'. Certainly, the *Review* makes no secret of its broad support for the policies of the Thai regime, if the reporting of its Bangkok correspondent, John McBeth, is anything to go by. McBeth is also central to this story. He is a former correspondent of Forum World Features, exposed in 1975 as a CIA 'news service'. His views about the 'loss' of Indo-china are such that, although a journalist, he asked for and got a part as a US Marine in 'The Deerhunter', the John Wayne version of the Vietnam war. More than any expatriate reporter in Bangkok, he enjoys the close confidence of the Thai military and security police and of Western 'intelligence sources' in Bangkok. Indeed, his *Review* stories often read rather like coded messages, with apparently infallible sources described as 'monitors listening' and 'analysts convinced' and 'intelligence reports', etcetera.

ON 16 JULY the *Review* devoted some 3,000 words to attempting to play down the scale of child slavery in Thailand and to 'proving' the director-general's sudden change of mind about me: that I had been 'hoaxed'. This strangely overblown hatchet job was published simultaneously in the *Spectator.* The *Review*'s 'investigation' bears only the name of a Thai, Paisal; however, in the Bangkok press, it is credited to both him and John McBeth. McBeth is the senior of the two and would have supervised the story in which one of the go-betweens in the buying of Sunee 'confessed' that he had 'hoaxed' me. The go-between, claims the *Review* article, split the price of the child – £85 – between three, including the mother. Now that would make the gain about £28 each. Inflation hit Bangkok a long time ago and that kind of sum would be regarded as less than peanuts – especially for a charade of such magnitude that it would have required transporting the mother 400 miles into the countryside, with her possessions, finding her a house, bribing and coaching the neighbours to lie that she was one of them, dressing the child to look like a peasant, coaching the child to lie, all of it executed within forty-eight hours, to await our arrival. The cost alone would have eaten away the meagre profit. So if the alleged 'hoax' was not carried out for money, what was its purpose? Moreover, Tim Bond, Peter Stone and I *were not even in Thailand when the* Review *claims the 'hoax' took place.*

A 'notarised witness' in the *Review* article is Toi, the mother of Sunee, the same poor wretched woman who was originally wheeled out by Vichit with a total cock-and-bull story of how we were plotters, not 'sad' victims; that was the first smear that failed and has been discredited by the *Review* itself. The article claims Sunee was not a peasant, but a Bangkok schoolgirl. Certainly, she *now* attends a Bangkok school, but a school which her mother could not hope to afford. So who is paying? And why was the family removed from the house in the countryside in government cars shortly after my *Mirror* report appeared? And why did neighbours tell us that they, too, had lost children to 'fisherwomen' and confirmed that Sunee had been abducted?

What is perhaps most revealing about the *Review's* extravaganza is an accompanying piece by its editor, Derek Davies, who goes to great pains to protect the politically vulnerable patrons of one of his magazine's most important markets, to the point of accusing me of 'damaging the Thai economy' – which would indicate just how much the Thai economy is serviced by child labour and prostitution.

Davies wrote: 'Pilger ignores the fact that the huge majority of the migrants (to cities like Bangkok) find jobs as unskilled workers and that many of them, even those who start in unlicensed factories, make good'. I saw these people 'making good' – children in hideous sweatshops, on stinking assembly lines. Those who 'make good' are also the children who are crippled from squatting in the dark, who are paralysed from the effects of manganese poisoning and who at 12 – girls and boys – are committed to brothels.

I have reported from Southeast Asia for a long time and I knew full well I was vulnerable to a political 'set up' or smear. Auberon Waugh's McCarthyite malice is, of course, only the tip; Bangkok remains very much the 'front line' for those expatriates, assorted spooks and Deerhunters still lamenting the 'loss' of Vietnam and still hoping to contrive a 'better result'. Pol Pot has been allowed to regroup his mass murderers in Thailand, where they are organised and sustained by an arm of the Thai military, funded directly by the CIA. The Reagan administration is to re-supply the Thai military which, although hopelessly corrupt and ineffective as a fighting force, is adept at putting down the domestic opposition. Behind Thailand's many facades, with their expatriate props, are the assassinations, the election rigging, the heroin trade and, above all, the silent thousands like the small boy, aged about eight, whose frogmarch into slavery shall remain an indelible memory. □

John Pilger is on the staff of the Daily Mirror.

LEBANON CRISIS

US stepped up arms for invasion

CLAUDIA WRIGHT reports from Washington on an 'extraordinary coincidence' of increased arms sales before Israel invaded

PENTAGON FIGURES, just released in response to a Freedom of Information Act request, reveal a massive surge of military supplies from the United States to Israel in the first three months of this year – as Israel planned the invasion of Lebanon.

As the table shows, in the first quarter of 1982 Israel took delivery of $217,695,000 worth of military equipment from the US. This is almost ten times the value of US military goods delivered to Israel in the same period of 1980. It is almost 50 per cent greater than the value of deliveries at the same time last year.

The main weapons accounting for the surge were ten F-15 aircraft (considerably more costly than the 14 F-16A aircraft de-

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US arms deliveries to Israel

Three-month period, January-March, 1980, 1981, 1982

	1980	1981	1982
Aircraft	22,306,000 (Two F-16A and spare parts)	142,454,000 (14 F-16A and spare parts)	187,604,000 (10 F-15 and spare parts)
Vehicles and weapons	1,704,000 (10 armoured cargo carriers, 2 anti-air artillery guns)	17,000 (Truck parts)	20,410,000 (14 tank recovery vehicles, 19 self propelled 155-mm Howitzers)
Ammunition	278,000 (Heavy artillery cartridges)	1,068,000 (Heavy artillery cartridges)	6,725,000 (Guided bombs and other ammo)
Missiles	16,000 (Chaparral spare parts)	3,179,000 (6 harpoon anti-ship missiles)	127,000 (Chaparral spare parts)
Misc. support eqpt.	11,000	–	198,000
Training, maps, other assistance	412,000	1,300,300	2,631,000
Total	24,727,000	148,018,000	217,695,000

Figures in dollars. Source: US Defense Security Assistance Agency, Washington

livered in 1981), 14 tank recovery vehicles, 19 self-propelled 155-mm howitzers, and over $6 million worth of bombs and ammunition.

The tank recovery vehicles have been extensively used in the fighting in Lebanon, and as US television has recorded, the 155-mm howitzers, shipped from the US early this year, have been the main source of artillery fire raining down on Beirut for weeks. Although the Pentagon has not yet released delivery figures for the second quarter of the year (April through June), a Defense Department spokesman has confirmed that 25 M-60 tanks were handed over to Israel in the month of May, and another 15 in June. The Defense Security Assistance Agency, which administers US foreign military sales, compiles detailed delivery figures for weapon types for each quarter. In the figures just released, going back to 1980, there is nothing comparable to this rate of tank shipments.

Another unusual item in the arms inventory delivered to Israel just before the war is listed in Pentagon data as 'guided bombs'. In the first quarter of 1982, Israel took delivery of 14 of these, at a total cost of $4.4 million. Bombs of this type, which have highly sophisticated guidance devices and delay fuses, are widely believed to have been used by Israel in the attack on the Iraqi nuclear reactor near Baghdad on 8 June 1981. One or more bombs of the same type were dropped on a multi-storey apartment building near Hamra Street, West Beirut, on 6 August.

The effect was devastating. The entire building was levelled in an instant, trapping or killing over 100 people. This bombing attack involved extraordinary precision by reportedly just two Israeli aircraft, operating over one of the densest sections of the city. Press reports indicate that the Israelis believed the building was a safe-house for Yasser Arafat, and that he may have slipped out of the building just before the attack.

Colonel Mark Foutch, a Pentagon spokesman, told the *New Statesman* on 11 June that there had been no surge in US arms deliveries to Israel before the war. He said it was impossible for this to occur in an arms programme that had been planned years in advance. Foutch refused to provide detailed delivery information, claiming this was classified.

The release of the details two months later indicates that at the very least an extraordinary coincidence has occurred between US weapons delivery schedules and Israeli military plans for Lebanon. Starting at least three months before the invasion commenced, the Pentagon must have seen the build-up and known that Israel was stockpiling at a massive and costly rate. It is inconceivable US officials failed to anticipate what this stockpile was for.

On 14 August General Ariel Sharon told an Israel radio interviewer that on his last visit to Washington in May, he had informed Defense Secretary Weinberger and the then Secretary of State Haig that Israel 'must act in Lebanon'. Sharon made no bones about the fact that Weinberger and Haig knew well in advance that Israel intended to invade Lebanon, and that the Americans approved.

Weinberger's office responded by issuing a statement that he had been briefed by Sharon 'on the security situation as Mr Sharon saw it (but) at no time did the Israeli Defense Minister say or allude to the fact that Israel had plans to invade Lebanon.'

This was plainly not a denial of Sharon's claim, and it deliberately evaded the issue of how much Weinberger knew in May. Sharon didn't need to discuss the invasion plans directly, because those details had been presented to Weinberger's subordinates several days before Sharon's arrival, by his aide, Arye Ganger (see *New Statesman*, 18 June). Since Sharon avoided direct discussion of the invasion, and Weinberger did not directly 'allude' to it either, Weinberger was able to convey his approval without actually saying so. The liquidation of Yasser Arafat and the PLO was one of the objectives – Weinberger thought that an excellent idea, and Sharon and he both know it. □

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CZECHOSLOVAKIA

New tactic against dissidents

The Czech authorities found their show trials counterproductive and are now resorting to new methods of control. JAN KAVAN reports

THE CZECHOSLOVAK authorities are facing a dilemma: how to continue, or even intensify, their repression of human rights activists and at the same time improve their tattered image in the West? The answer seems to lie in switching the emphasis away from show trials of well-known people such as Václav Havel (still in prison serving a 4½ year sentence) obscuring political trials by criminal charges, and increasing violence. A new pattern of threats of violence and violence itself, carried out by 'unidentified angry citizens' is intimidating civil rights activists and even forcing some of them to emigrate to the West.

Last month two members of the Charter 77 Group, Mr Jiri Bednár, 34, and Miss Zina Freundová, 32, who is also a member of the Committee for the Defence of the Unjustly Prosecuted (VONS), arrived in London. Last October several Western newspapers reported a night assault on Miss Freundová which left her suffering from concussion for weeks. When she recovered someone threw a brick at her which hit her on the head. 'It says a lot about the nature of the regime that it has to use gangsters to maintain its power over people', said Zina last week. Show trials make a lot of people angry and motivate them to join the movement – as after the trial of Havel and other members of VONS in 1979. It is more convenient, she said, to use physical violence and psychological pressure, to kidnap people in the middle of the night, drive them into the countryside where they are beaten up and abandoned. 'Most important, it's anonymous, it cannot be laid at the door of those in power. It happens frequently, it can happen to anyone, and it is difficult to challenge as there is no-one to protest to.'

Such trials as there are focus mainly on relatively unknown workers and it is difficult to obtain information about them. Mark Brayne, Central European correspondent of the BBC visited Czechoslovakia in May, at the time of the final lead up to the trial of 22-year-old printer Petr Pospíchal, a member of VONS and a Charter 77 signatory. Brayne's report made no reference to the trial, instead emphasising that the 'tiny Charter 77 movement' was regarded with 'little more than curiosity by most ordinary Czechs and Slovaks and could be 'silenced by 30 or 40 easy arrests' if the authorities wished to take that course of action, which they did not, he said.

Pospíchal, who by the time he was 19 had already served 11 months in prison, is a not unusual case. After his release he was frequently detained for 48 hours, badly beaten, threatened with 'fatal accidents'. When he failed to be intimidated, he was drafted into the Army, where he was charged with incitement because he answered the questions of his fellow soldiers about Charter 77. For this 'crime' he was sentenced to 18 months in prison, a sentence which was upheld on 20 July when the military court in Příbram turned down his appeal.

The case of Ivan Jirous is fairly typical today. A 38-year-old literary historian who works as a bricklayer, Jirous was last month sentenced to his fourth term of imprisonment for allegedly helping to edit an unofficial cultural magazine. He had failed to conform despite his years in prison, beatings and harassment. In an attempt, increasingly typical, to portray civil rights activists as ordinary criminals, Jirous had marijuana planted on him, although he is known to have spoken out against the use of drugs. The higher court should hear his appeal quite soon. If it upholds the verdict, as is almost certain, he will have to serve his sentence as 'a highly dangerous recidivist' in the harshest prison conditions usually reserved for only the most dangerous criminals. This means, for instance, that he will only be allowed one 1-hour visit a year by one member of his family.

'Of course they can arrest offcial Charter spokesmen whenever they want, at least 5 of them have already been sentenced', says Jirí Bednár. 'But there are many people who are active and have not even signed the Charter 77 Declaration. In 1977 we confronted the government openly, legally, exposing its hypocrisy over the Helsinki Final Act and the International Covenants on Civil Rights which it ratified. Those in power reacted with disproportionate cruelty. Since then the enthusiasm for "legalistic" activities has diminished and many people, noting that the authorities used the openness of some actions just to enlarge their knowledge as to whom they should harass or arrest, began to advocate a more radical but less open approach. They can never be silenced.'

Jirí Bednár believes that the State uses trials only as a last resort, for those who cannot be silenced by means such as violence and whose support transcends the confines of the group of known dissidents.

A 30-year old worker, Jirí Gruntorád, for example, was last year sentenced to 4½ years' imprisonment for editing the popular samizdat literary edition *Popelnice* (Dustbin). This edition, although far less known in the West than the more elitist *Petlice* (Padlock) run by Ludvík Vaculík, responded more to readers demands, achieved a much larger circulation and reached many people not involved in Charter 77. In line with recent practice the prosecutor during Gruntorád's trial, which went largely unnoticed in the West, tried to make capital out of the fact that the defendant had once been convicted of being in possession of an antique pistol borrowed from a friend.

The State wishes, if possible, to avoid open confrontation, explains Mr Bednár. Trials and sentences can indicate whether the hardliners or the more moderate technocrats influence the policies of the day. Sometimes sentences may be slightly reduced under pressure from world public opinion, but it cannot be perceived as leniency. Petr Uhl, a member of VONS and a Trotskyist, received a 5-year sentence rather than the 10 years demanded by the prosecutor; but this still means that he will have served 9 years in jail in all, with a previous sentence. Rudolf Battek, a 58-year old in poor health, a Charter 77 spokesman and a leader of the independent socialists group, had his sentence reduced on appeal from 7½ to 5½ years but is unlikely to survive even that.

Western public opinion, if voiced clearly, can have an effect. A public campaign in the West and an outcry in Austria, which President Husák hopes to visit, recently led the authorities to release seven dissidents arrested in May 1981 following the seizure of a French van loaded with literature on the Czechoslavak-Austrian border. However, to interpret it as tolerance would be a delusion.

Mr Bednár's plea to Westerners is that they should perceive Eastern Europe as an integral part of Europe and use the same criteria about what is normal and acceptable and what should be exposed and condemned as they would in their own countries. □

Charter 77 members meet, September 1980. Left to right: Ladislav Lis, Jan Rumi, Professor Jiri Hajek, Tomas Hradilek, Jiri Bednar, Zina Freundova, Petr Pospichal, Jaroslav Suk, Egon Vierny, Marie Hromadkova.

Palach Press

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DIARY

Paul Foot

I cannot think why Coroner Philip Gill of Wakefield, Yorks, does not resign. Two years ago, he held an inquest into someone who had died abroad. Last year, when confronted with the body of nurse Helen Smith, he refused an inquest on the novel grounds that he had no jurisdiction to do so.

His decision infuriated his employers, the West Yorkshire County Council, who have no confidence in him. I doubt he could find a single man or woman in Leeds or Bradford who supported him. And now he's been told by the Court of Appeal that he did have the jurisdiction anyway.

Still, there's no pride like a coroner's, and Mr Gill has decided not only to stay on, but also to preside over the Helen Smith inquest. Why? He has completely lost the confidence of the dead girl's father, Ron Smith – and the main point of an inquest is to satisfy the next of kin about the cause of death. Why doesn't he just move aside and ask one of his fellow Yorkshire coroners to take the case?

○

Another man who should resign is Professor Abraham Goldberg, chairman of the Committee on Safety of Medicines – and he could take his whole committee with him. In 1980, they licensed Opren, an anti-arthritis drug, as safe. Now they've been forced to withdraw their licence, after overwhelming proof that Opren has been killing people all over the place.

I think I was the first journalist on a national newspaper to have a face-to-face interview with the Professor, and a very charming man he is too. I was asking about Halcion, a new sleeping pill which is banned in Holland after a psychiatrist exposed the most appalling side-effects suffered by Halcion patients. I had come across a couple of cases of cheerful old people who had got so terribly depressed while taking it that they killed themselves.

The manufacturer had denied any connection and the overwhelming evidence, the Professor assured me, was that Halcion was no less safe than any drug in its group, such as Valium. His committee had closely examined every aspect of the matter, and had licenced Halcion in Britain at a much lower dosage than the maximum permitted in Holland. What made me slightly suspicious was that the vast bulk of the evidence they had looked at was provided by the company which made Halcion. After Opren, who can honestly say that the Committee's 'safety net' works?

○

On holiday in London, I seem to spend most of my time in parks, in particular Golders Hill Park, a paradise for children. The chief reason it beats all the others is that it is almost entirely free of dogs (dogs are allowed in, but only on a lead). So there is a good chance of your child escaping serious injury, and of walking without plunging into infected faeces.

If you ever go to Acton Park, ask for a gardener called George Athans. He's spent a good part of his life campaigning against unrestricted doggery. He has an enormous correspondence with local authorities all over the world. 'I am not, never have been, a dog-hater', he writes to me, 'but it is more than high time dog owners learned to live alongside and not at the expense of others.' He proposes tough rules to force people to house-train, or garden-train, their dogs and a higher licence fee to try to stop the menace of stray dogs. At the moment, the revenue from dog licences is less than the cost of collecting them.

Someone on the GLC Parks Committee should go and see George Athans. They could learn a thing or two.

○

A full Saturday at Lords. Ecstasy, as Abdul Qadir causes all sorts of havoc in the English batting. My hero and mentor C. L. R. James wrote in *Beyond the Boundary* (the best book on cricket ever written):

> Body-line was not an incident, it was not an accident, it was not a temporary aberration. It was the violence and ferocity of our age expressing itself in cricket.

I wonder what the old man would say about the English performance in the Lords test. Perhaps: 'the boredom and despair of our age expressing itself in cricket'. Certainly, I don't think the England selectors have ever come up with a trio quite as untalented and dull as Jackman, Pringle and Greig.

Some of the blame goes back to the 1930s which C. L. R. James was writing about. In an interesting interview in one of the intervals, I heard former England captain G. O. Allen bitterly regret his vote in 1935 for the new lbw rule. Thanks to that change, a batsman is not out if his legs, when hit, are outside the line of the stumps. Allen explained that the change was made to invite batsmen to step out and hit the ball. But the effect was to penalise the bowlers who *move* the cricket ball, off the pitch or in the air.

That's why leg-spin geniuses like Qadir are almost extinct, and even he is constantly thwarted by stiffs like Tavare who shove their legs out at the ball as soon as they see it pitch outside the line. Perhaps Tavare would do better without a bat.

A batsman should be out lbw if the ball is going to hit the wicket. No exceptions.

○

I was interested to read that salvage work is in full swing on the wreck of *HMS Sheffield* at the bottom of the ocean. 'Vital gear' is being rescued, according to the Ministry of Defence. I wonder. For some weeks now, *Peace News* has been running a series on the nuclear depth charges which, they say, were almost certainly fitted onto the *Sheffield*. *Peace News* points to a weird contradiction in the stories of the *Sheffield*'s end. On 28 May, they say, BBC reporter Brian Hanrahan announced that the *Sheffield* had been blown up with depth charges, while the official MOD line has always been that she sank under tow in heavy seas.

Peace News is not quite right. What happened is even odder. Brian Hanrahan sent a report on the *Sheffield* stating simply that it had sunk. On 28 May, the Ministry censor went round to vet the film, and let slip that the *Sheffield* had been blown up.

Whoops! He did his best to back-track, but the *Nine O'Clock News* and *Newsnight* put the story out. Peter Snow's introduction on *Newsnight* started: 'We learn today from the Ministry of Defence that the ship was deliberately sunk by Royal Navy Officers using highly explosive depth charges . . .'

Officially denied, of course. Just as it is most strenuously and categorically denied that the salvage teams now on the *Sheffield* are checking nuclear depth charges which, if they leak, could cause the most horrible pollution the Atlantic has ever known.

ROGER WODDIS

A dirty word

It is claimed in a BBC TV documentary this week that thousands of workers in British cotton mills have developed the incurable lung disease, byssinosis, because of inaction by mill owners, unions and factory inspectors.

'Don't look at me,' said the Chairman,
'My job is to keep the wheels turning,
Honour the Queen, praise God, that sort of thing.
Profit may be a dirty word in your book, not mine.
Anyway, lungs aren't exactly my line.'

'My conscience is clear,' said the Union Official.
'What can't be altered is best forgotten;
I blame the old machinery and dirty cotton.
No, we didn't actually do anything about the dust,
But the question was frequently discussed.'

'I made my rounds,' said the Factory Inspector,
'Always, of course, after an advance warning,
And was often there half the morning.
I made my reports, wrote down what I saw;
It's the owner's pigeon, complying with the law.'

'I'm thirty-seven,' said the Cotton Worker.
'The doctors say I'll never work again,
But when I started I was as right as rain.
Protective clothing? Funny you should ask.
They fitted me up with a cotton mask.'

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

□ Since the murder five people who made witness statements to police have died. One man was shot, another was stabbed, a woman was hacked to death, another was said to have taken a heroin overdose, and a third man said to have 'drunk himself to death'. Scotland Yard said last night that the deaths of the five witnesses had been investigated and there were no suspicious circumstances. – *Guardian* (Sheila Duncan)

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LETTERS

Fighting fire with fire

Richard Condon, 21 rue de Messe, 1330 Rixensart, Belgium

I have no wish to defend Bob Mellish: neither his politics nor his methods have ever appealed to me. However, I do feel that certain assumptions which appear to underlie Duncan Campbell's hatchet-job (*NS* 6 August) require comment.

Take, for example, the observation that Mellish 'neither worked as a docker nor ever lived in Bermondsey'. As a trade-union official of working-class origin working among dockers, Mellish was certainly, at least in earlier days, in touch with and sympathetic to the (not always admirable) political views of South London working-class voters on whom Labour election victories depend. If Mellish's claims as a representative of the workers are diminished by not having unloaded ships, what hope is there for the middle- (and even upper-) class intellectuals with which the Labour Party is crawling at all levels?

As for Mellish's house in Catford, however 'ample and spacious', if any *NS* readers have strayed to this transpontine demi-paradise they might be forgiven for wondering why Hampstead, Holland Park or even proletarian Islington confer better credentials for representing the working class.

Then there are Mellish's connections with and, at times, apparent dependence on, loans from dubious businessmen. This, of course, is no new problem: Keir Hardie was only the first of many Labour politicians to face similar accusations. Even today full-time political life is not especially remunerative in itself; it was less so in the 1950s and early 1960s when Mellish was climbing the greasy pole.

Ambitious and able men have to be really dedicated, as few of us are, and even neglectful of family, to settle for just an MP's salary. Those with another occupation or source of income are less exposed to direct allegations of corruption, but I do not believe that it is inherently nobler or more socialist to supplement that salary by writing for Beaverbrook or marrying an American heiress. MPs from working-class backgrounds are, regrettably, the most vulnerable in this regard.

All this, however, is secondary to the real question, which concerns the future of the Labour Party. The left's reply to the slates, block-votes and so on which, as Campbell says, long enabled the right to dominate the party, has largely been to do the same with, at present, more success. Campbell offers no analysis of the way forward, but I am convinced that paper victories at Conference, in branch, GC and EC meetings and in selection conferences offer no long-term hope of escape from Thatcherism to socialism.

Increasingly the lecturers, minor functionaries, journalists and lawyers who now run the Labour Party with a small minority of working-class allies are appealing to instincts which no longer exist: the desperately urgent question is how we can persuade and educate the mass of working people, some of them sharing the faults and prejudices of Bob Mellish, many of them probably much worse, to desire and demand socialist government. Middle-class radicals can talk about cooperation, solidarity, common ownership and so on until they are even redder in the face, but without popular support they will be wasting their time. We have now all seen that it is not enough to win fleeting headcounts, either by packing party meetings or by waiting for the Tories' awful policies to hand us power for a few years. Conference decisions can be reversed whenever the other side rigs votes better; 1964 and 1966 can lead to 1970 or even 1979 so long as the electorate has not really accepted our arguments.

Bob Mellish typifies one sort of thing that is wrong with Labour, but if Campbell thinks his departure is progress, let him look at the present popular support for socialism and think again. We need not just a Labour government but one which can somehow engage the public imagination, as it did to some extent in 1945, and then keep that support for more than just 2 or 3 years. In such a party, in such a government, even the Bob Mellishes would probably be seen to have their hearts in the right place.

Home births

Alan Raybould, 36 Regent Square, London E3

Peter Kellner (*NS* 13 August) is probably right about the impersonal nature of some hospital wards, and health authorities may at times be inflexible.

But he is on shaky ground in defending Mr Radley. From press reports of the case it seems that his flat was inadequately heated, there was no telephone and, most serious of all, Ms Williams had had no ante-natal care.

Under these circumstances, and irrespective of whether Ms Williams's age and medical history would put her *theoretically* in a 'low risk' category, I would guess that most midwives would reject the idea of a home delivery.

Incidentally, in his discussion on perinatal mortality rates, Mr Kellner fails to point out that ante-natal screening would pick out those mothers who might want a home confinement but who are susceptible to complications and therefore give birth in hospitals. This would obviously tend to *improve* the mortality rate in home deliveries, since it is only the 'fittest' mothers who deliver at home.

Apocryphal aeronautics

Berthold Lubetkin, 113 Princess Victoria Street, Clifton, Bristol 8

Mr Gavin Stamp (*NS* 16 July) was misinformed when he wrote that I resigned my post as Chief Planner of Peterlee as a result of a row about the expenses of travelling in helicopters.

I have seen a helicopter twice in my dreams, and several times on film. I am not aware of any connection between Peterlee and aeronautics except one day's aerial survey carried out at the request of Professor Terzzagi, the world expert on mining subsidence, which was discussed, agreed and organised by the Ministry of Town and Country Planning. So what about getting on with the building of a better society, now that the helicopters are out of the way?

Judges and justice

Christopher Price MP, House of Commons, London SW1

The conclusions of Nicholas Fairbairn's piece on Paddy Meehan (*NS* 13 August) were so right. Judges will invent any formula to exonerate the police from malpractice and blame defendants for miscarriages of justice. The Confait saga in England exactly replicates that of Meehan in Scotland. Charges quashed after compelling evidence; a hugely expensive enquiry by a judge sitting alone – in Confait, an ex-judge, Sir Henry Fisher; exoneration of the police from malpractice, while allowing some 'incompetence'; partial reconviction of the defendants; confidence re-established in our system of criminal justice.

The incompetence is that of our judges, whose myopia blinds them to the real world. I was told the other day by an eminent judge – who was involved as a barrister in the Confait enquiry – that he still thought the defendants were partially guilty. As long as our judges place such a high premium on protecting the reputation of their own courts and the police, we shall never achieve a fair system of criminal justice – on either side of the border.

Divided in Brent

Sally Cresswell, Nurses Home, Central Middx Hospital, NW10

Zareer Masani's otherwise excellent article (*NS* 13 August) is slightly misleading in its analysis of Brent Labour Group. The article seems to suggest that the Labour Group resisted the election of Mr Patel and Mrs Neil to Labour's front bench on the grounds that they are black. This clearly is not the case.

The Labour Group rejected many of the nominees put forward by the LGC for the Chairs and Vice-chairs of the major committees, including Mr Patel and Mrs Neil. However, the Labour Group elected as many black candidates to the positions of Chair, Vice-chair, or Officers of the Labour Group as the LGC nominated – i.e. 10 in all. Mrs Neil, for instance, although not elected as Vice-chair of Education was defeated by another black candidate and Phil Sealy (the black Chair of Finance) defeated a white candidate nominated by the LGC.

The differences between the LGC and the Labour Group are not manifestations of racism on the part of the Labour Group but spring from a genuine political divide. Mr Masani failed to bring this out in the article and thus over-simplified what is a much more complex issue.

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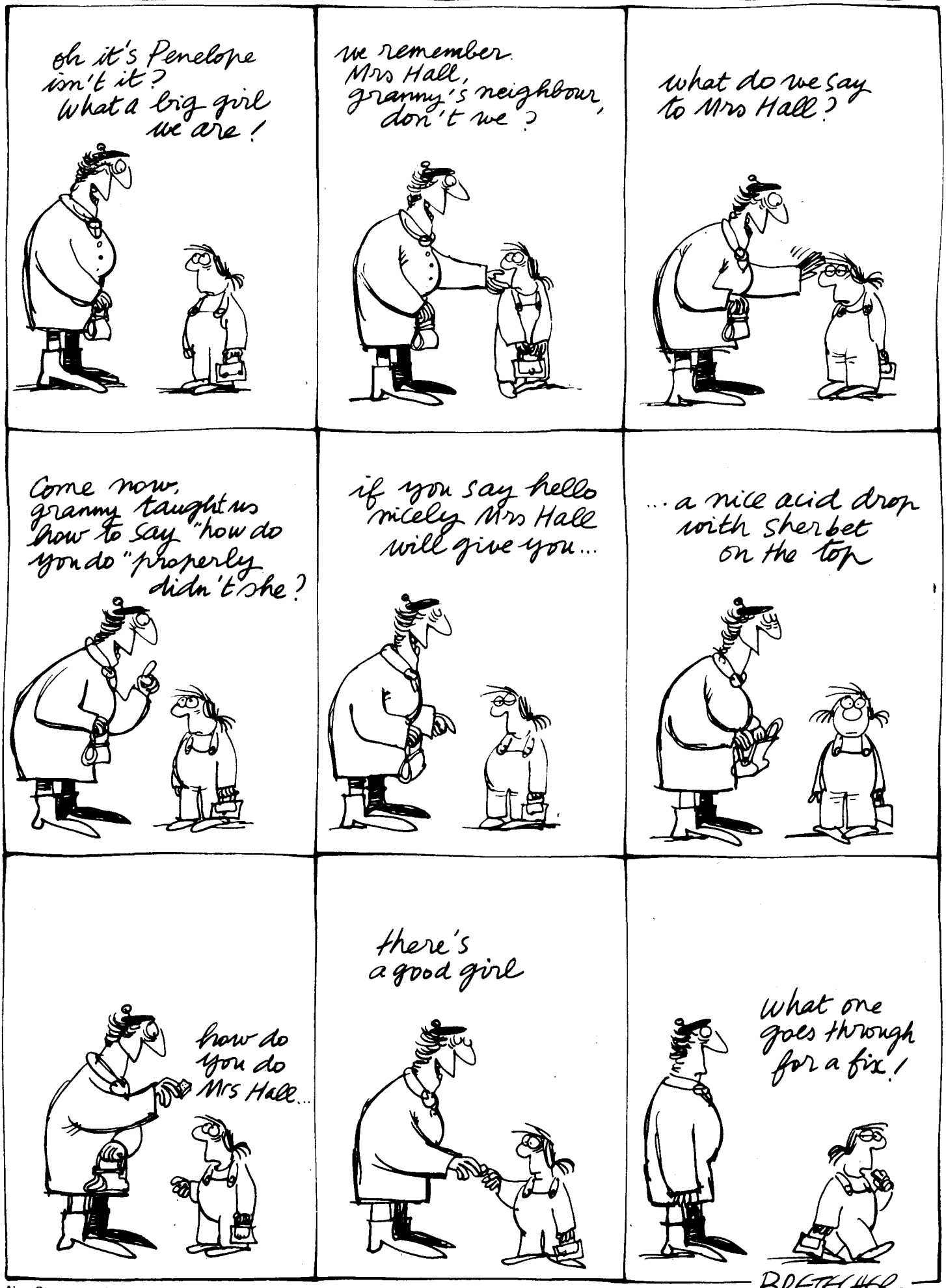
BRETECHER

BIG GIRL


oh it's Penelope isn't it? what a big girl we are!
we remember Mrs Hall, granny's neighbour, don't we?
what do we say to Mrs Hall?
come now, granny taught us how to say "how do you do" properly didn't she?
if you say hello nicely Mrs Hall will give you...
...a nice acid drop with sherbet on the top
how do you do Mrs Hall...
there's a good girl
what one goes through for a fix!
BRETECHER

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Riding his hobby-horses

DAVID MONTROSE wonders whether Gore Vidal's essays might not be even more telling if he eschewed some of his present pre-occupations.

Camera Press

GORE VIDAL, essayist, began as a novel-reviewer who sometimes wrote about politics. Over the years, and the collections, the second string expanded until, in *Matters of Fact and of Fiction* (1976), fact (usually American politics) outweighed fiction (writers and critics). In *Pink Triangle and Yellow Star*, the ratio of politics to literature is lower. Nevertheless, matters of fact set the tone more strongly than ever.

Above all, Vidal is a polemicist, ever-prepared to ride his hobby-horses one more time. His essays are purposeful arrangements of major and minor preoccupations: an aside in one, or more, becomes the crux of another. 'Who Makes the Movies?' a demolition of the *auteur* theory, is thus prefigured in pieces on L. Frank Baum and Thomas Love Peacock. This arrangement is particularly evident in the political essays, which tend to be digressive and compendious, reading like permutations on a single campaign speech. In a way, they are: everything converges in 'The State of the Union Revisited (1980)', a useful anthology of Vidal's political thought and the foundation of his lecture-circuit pitch. Repetition is a necessary ingredient of polemic; as literature, though, Vidal's programme is now somewhat familiar, like his advocacy of bisexual promiscuity as psychological cure-all.

Repetition should be more avoidable in literary territory, where Vidal has only one real crisis: that the Hacks of Academe operate critical procedures – geared solely to career advancement – which are killing literature. Even so, this lone preoccupation bobs up throughout the matters of fiction. In 'F. Scott Fitzgerald's Case', Vidal sideswipes 'scholar-squirrels', whose only concern is collecting biographical facts, and the critical apparatus they have erected around Fitzgerald's notebooks and letters. His Orwellian study, 'The Oz Books', suggests that Baum's work has survived through escaping the death-kiss of scholarly exegesis. Finally, a tribute to V. S. Pritchett specifies an ideal for the wretched Hacks to strive towards.

Although Vidal's political and literary crises are entirely distinct, they share a grounding in conspiracy theory. The Hacks are all in it together; American society is run for the benefit of The Bank. Now Vidal's conspiracies certainly have some existence outside his imagination, especially when he detects an orchestrated manipulation, by the New Right, of sexual issues to replace the Red Menace, whose potency has waned, as electorate-frightener and vote-catcher. Increasingly, though, he explains all injustice in such terms:

> . . . relations were kept tense between poor American whites and poor American blacks . . . (because) if the two groups ever got together in a single labor union, say, they could challenge the Bank's authority.

See, it's easy: everything boils down to one neat equation that's so much more attractive than the dull 'There are no easy answers'. Conspiracy theory imposes pattern, providing reasons for the state of things and, however vaguely, someone to blame. The problem is: there usually are no easy answers. Vidal is peddling simplified part-truths when he unveils a Jewish vendetta against gays in the title essay (so-named because, in the Nazi camps, the latter wore pink triangles, the former yellow stars) or when he holds that homosexuals are denied equal rights because

> . . . marriage is the central institution whereby the owners of the world control those who do the work. Homosexuality . . . threatens that ancient domination, because men who don't have wives or children to worry about are not as easily dominated as those men who do . . .

Disconcertingly, Vidal's conspiracies are occasionally reminiscent of those divined by right-wing crazies, even if theirs are still less plausible and feature a different cast of villains. Disconcertingly, too, Vidal finds himself keeping company with American monetarists of the type that promoted California's Proposition 13 in calling (albeit for different reasons) for a new constitutional convention to redraft the nation's laws.

Inevitably, readers will come to this volume principally for Vidal's prose; his subjects are a lesser attraction. This happens with all major essayists. Vidal, however, consciously puts the cart before the horse: one's awareness is primarily of reading Vidal, only secondarily of reading about Christopher Isherwood's autobiographies or Cecil Beaton's diaries. Chesterton wrote that 'a good novel tells us the truth about its hero; but a bad novel tells us the truth about its author'. If a similar rule applies to essays, those in *Pink Triangle* ought to be very bad indeed; but Vidal invariably carries off his high profile. Most of the pieces included here are review-based. In this collection Vidal sticks closer than usual to the books: to excellent effect in his consideration of Doris Lessing's *Shikasta*, much less so when *The Thirties*, a selection from Edmund Wilson's journals for the period, and Pritchett's *The Myth Makers* come up for scrutiny. Mind you, the essays proper are, 'The Oz Books' excepted, a little disappointing. The appreciation of Leonardo Sciascia, the novelist Vidal considers Italy's finest, is inferior to the earlier 'Calvino's Novels': 'How to Find God and Make Money', a study of books by born-again Christians, is amusing in a Perelmanesque manner, but concentrates on just one title (by Mrs Bert Lance); even the cogent 'Who Makes the Movies?' could have presented a stronger case.

On the other hand, Vidal's talents as a populariser of American history remain undiminished. His method is to re-present in synopsis (with Vidalian commentary) a work of academic muckraking that might otherwise be little noticed, finishing off with his personal conclusions. Biographies of Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt are so treated; but the outstanding performance disseminates Ferdinand Lundberg's *Cracks in the Constitution*, which diminishes the revered makers of that document and traces the dubious histories of the Supreme Court's power to review legislation and of Presidential executive orders.

Pink Triangle is a less satisfying collection than *Matters of Fact and of Fiction*. The pieces are generally shorter and the factual matters especially have a flavour of second pressings. There are even some infelicities of style! But the vineyard is still *grand cru classe*. Vidal is an astute literary critic – as his firm placing of Fitzgerald demonstrates – and a stimulating, if not entirely reliable, political pundit. He is formidably well-read and invariably entertaining, even if he does, these days, limit himself to one-liners, eschewing hilarious routines like the preamble to his exposition on Walter Annenberg *(Collected Essays)*. If only he would put his hobby-horses out to grass for a while or at least refrain from rounding them up inside hard covers. □

Pink Triangle and Yellow Star and Other Essays 1976-1982 by GORE VIDAL
Heinemann £10

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ARCHITECTURE: Jules Lubbock

Shaping space

The Necessity of Artifice by JOSEPH RYKWERT *Academy Editions* £15.95 & £9.95

Joseph Rykwert is the most stimulating and one of the most learned historians of architecture. His fascination lies in his view of history as socio-therapy. 'Memory is to a person what history is to a group', and so, like the psychoanalyst, he unravels 'the twisted or hidden memory of an experience which will illuminate the current malaise' in architecture. Because he has largely ministered to the architectural profession in these essays collected from the past 25 years he is unfamiliar to the layman. But he deserves recognition.

The architectural malaise in question is the 'technocratic modernism' of glass skyscrapers like up-ended Braun toasters. They have created a monstrous environment because their designers ruled out consideration of the irrational side of human beings. Unlike later critics, Rykwert's answer was not to call for a riot of complexity, of applied decoration or a return to Lutyens or the vernacular; indeed his strictures now apply just as forcefully to the 'blowsy over-dramatisations' inspired by reactionary post-modernism.

Instead, he reveals what the functional theory of architecture suppressed. Take the Corinthian column. To a functionalist it is merely a load-bearing pillar whose acanthus-wreathed capital reflects the status of important buildings or important people. Strip off the status-symbol and you have a functional pier. Rykwert argues that acanthus was a grave-offering associated with fertility and resurrection, and that the introduction of the Corinthian order in 4th-century Greece corresponded with the rise of mystery cults offering the solace of personal salvation. In three very remarkable essays he extends his anthropological approach to furniture, houses, streets and cities. The street is a social institution, older even than permanent buildings; it is the common track between two water holes, the pilgrim's way, and our path through life; community is its essence. The idea of the house he derives from the Egyptian hieroglyph for home, [ ] nat, related to the sky goddess Nut, who straddles the earth-god Geb – 'Through her body, the sun travelled at night, entering her mouth and being reborn the next morning, through her genitalia.' So the home is the womb and the tomb, within which we are conceived, make love and die. The town is composed of many such homes, connected by streets and diversified in functionally distinct edifices. Architecture is the 'art of shaping space around ritual'.

These four essays amount to a complete theory of architecture. They also represent a return to Alberti's Renaissance idea of the house as a city in miniature and the city as an expanded house, both planned and embellished according to the patterns of social life and the pieties of a harmonious society. But our society, unlike Alberti's Florence, is neither homogeneous nor harmonious. Hence Rykwert's quest for cultural universals. This is fine in theory but full of practical problems. The architect builds for a specific culture – how is an Ur-architecture going to be any more intelligible or effective than Esperanto? Another problem arises from the focus upon ritual and ceremony. Is all social activity ritualised as some anthropologists suggest? Some field studies indicate that ritual may be sharply separated from everyday life, whose patterns are more flexible. In any case, how does one design for an industrial society of heterogeneous social classes whose patterns and ceremonies have been eroded, but who, above all, have been deprived of control over their homes, their streets and their cities – of their property?

This is a political issue, and one might have expected a Ruskinian call for political action to follow from the analysis. Yet Rykwert denies that solving the problems of society is the business of the architect, whose social and moral responsibility is to do his best with the briefs he receives. Like psychoanalysis itself, this is too cautious. In another more inspired defence of architecture he maintains that it is only worth practising if within buildings accommodated to their social functions, and built to last, it involves 'the passionate attempt to exhort, edify, inform, influence the spectator/inhabitant'. Here is a re-affirmation of the indissoluble Albertian triad of commodity, firmness and delight or beauty. But the example of architects who have tried to hold the triad together, like Lubetkin, whom Rykwert admires, shows that they face an immense struggle against the political and economic forces tearing it apart and giving birth to the hideous monsters which Rykwert denounces. □

FILMS: Nina Hibbin

Contradictions

Women's Pictures: Feminism and Cinema by ANNETTE KUHN *Routledge* £4.95

'What is or could be or should be the relationship between feminism and film theory?' is the question posed by Annette Kuhn. There is a basic contradiction about the way she answers it.

The ideas of feminism reach out way beyond the theoreticians into every workplace, home and school. A feminist film theory therefore has to embody a strategy for change relevant to the majority of women who watch films for pleasure and relaxation, and whose self-confidence and aspirations are undermined by most of what they see.

Current trends in film theory, on the other hand, make very little impact on the majority of film-goers. Indeed, it becomes clear as Annette Kuhn examines them that they turn their back on mass audiences twice over – by rejecting what they see, and by posing this rejection in terms which by definition are inaccessible to them.

Not that her approach is rigid or oversimple; in developing her point of view within a very detailed and wide-ranging consideration of women and film, she leaves a trail of interesting and relevant 'ifs' and 'buts' in her wake. But she doesn't follow them through. She acknowledges the contradiction of a feminist film theory and an alternative feminist cinema which are outside the experience and understanding of the majority of women. 'A perennial problem' she calls it; but she doesn't stop to ask why it has proved so intractable for so long. Had she done so, she might have discovered that the film theory she favours has its own built-in mystification.

You don't need a complicated system of analysis to observe that mainstream Hollywood cinema is dominated by capitalist and patriarchal values and that what goes into it is often very different from what comes out. But the move from there to the dogma, central to Kuhn's thesis, that these ideologies are inherent in the very structure of popular narrative cinema, requires a very tortuous argument indeed. Film, in this argument, becomes a thing-in-itself – a mystical object that drops from the film industry like a rain-shower from the heavens, to be soaked up by an unprotected public.

If this proposition were true it would be depressing news for the majority of women, because by ignoring the dynamic conflicts of forces within and between filmmakers, the film industry, films, audiences and society as a whole at any given time, it denies the possibility of change. □

'I want somehow to convey to you what it means to be in prison for so long...' JACK HENRY ABBOTT'S

IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST

'By comparison **Soledad Brother** and **Soul on Ice** are sentimental romances.' *Clancy Sigal–The Guardian*

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Shorter reviews

Politics Apart by ROY HATTERSLEY *BBC Publications* £7.25

Hattersley is a highly conscious essayist. Each piece in this selection from his *Listener* column opens with a bald but attention-grabbing statement, as: 'I have begun to wear spectacles'; and most end with a neat, knot-tying apothegm, as: 'I met mortality in a barber's chair'. While it's splendid to find a politician who cares about language and uses it fastidiously, I sometimes felt that Hattersley cares too much: 'If a two-syllable adjective were needed to keep the trochees and dactyls pointing in the right direction, all three-syllable adjectives were rejected whatever their historical or scientific justification.' Such smug aestheticism smacks of the bright sixth-former Hattersley once was, and indeed to some extent still is.

Sheffield Grammar School provides the background for many of these essays and, for all his meticulous phrasing, he reveals a remarkable talent for capturing and illuminating a world to which he has remained loyal. Sport meant cricket: scarcely a piece goes by without our being reminded that he played opening bat for the school. (He now watches snooker on television, but billiard halls and the billiard rooms of great houses were equally foreign to his well-spent youth.) His frame of reference embraces novelists he came to via such films as *Anna Karenina* and *Great Expectations*; he quotes from a wide range of poets, though none more recent than Eliot.

This defiant ordinariness ('ordinary' was a word young Roy's father used as a high compliment) comes into its own when he is describing his public life. *Yes*, we think, that's what *we* would be like if we were Minister of Defence or had to explain away a by-election defeat on television. We too would give the first prize at Sparkbrook Carnival to '300 children of many races marching under the banner, "Children of the World Unite".' There are no startling opinions or insights here; nor even any brilliant anecdotes. I was left instead with the impression of an old acquaintance whose self-satisfaction, tiresome regional patriotism and tendency to repeat himself I would gladly forgive for friendship's sake.

John Scotney

James Joyce: New Perspectives edited by COLIN MCCABE *Harvester* £18.95

Less than ten years ago, Joyce was introduced as a special subject option in Part 2 of the Cambridge English Tripos. As Colin McCabe points out in his preface to this collection of essays, this represented a significant rejection of Leavis's influential definition of the modernist canon. Leavis dismissed Joyce in 1933, and the greatest writer of modern times had to wait forty years before puritan Cambridge realised its error. Out of this belated interest in Joyce's work came a 'circus' of lectures which Colin McCabe organised, and the present volume gathers most of those lectures together.

There are poor performances by Fritz Senn, Jean-Michel Rabaté, Stephen Heath and Raymond Williams, all of whom succeed in making Joyce appear dull and pedestrian, but McCabe's two contributions are lucid and helpful and Patrick Parrinder's account of Joyce's rejection in England is an excellent piece of combative literary history. The outstanding essay is Seamus Deane's 'Joyce and Nationalism', a terse and brilliantly intelligent account of Joyce's 'imperial art'.

Deane argues that for Joyce the relationship between literature and politics was not mediated through a party or a movement. Instead, the act of writing became 'an act of rebellion' and such writing achieves its aspiration simply by coming into existence: 'It serves only what it is'. Deane distinguishes this kind of committed aestheticism from Pearse's racist Gaelic patriotism and he also points subtly to the differences between Yeats and Joyce. Where Yeats gave up, to some extent, the deliberate creation of a 'holy city of the imagination' and replaced it with 'images of enduring heroism and not so durable authority', Joyce did something altogether more magnificent. He remained faithful to the original conception of the Irish Literary Revival and his Dublin became the Holy City of which Yeats had despaired.

Deane's essay is essential reading for all Joyceans, and it should help to dent the received wisdom about Joyce's attitude to the major political issues of his time. This volume also contains an enchanting reminiscence of Joyce by his Parisian friend Maria Jolas, a fitting tribute to the man who, in Seamus Heaney's words, made his life 'an instrument of grace'.

Tom Paulin

Jarrow March by TOM PICKARD *Allison & Busby* £6.50 & £2.95

In 1936 when Jarrow marched it aimed to stir 'the conscience of the nation'; in the process it etched itself into the fabric of the Labour movement. To Geordies it is what 1916 is to Dubliners. It is a story told and retold; in some senses the telling has taken on more significance than the story itself. The ghosts of Jarrow's crusaders still march into our consciousness with a power that modern 'right to work' marches have failed to achieve.

However, the story telling has never fully revealed the true pattern of events, the characters moving in the shadows, the whispers in the corridors of power, the wheeling and dealing in poverty and profit in places the marchers were not to see.

Tom Pickard, a fellow Jarrow lad, brings out the complete story for the first time. The publishers are to be congratulated on this revealing, annoying and highly readable collage of marchers' reminiscences and reflections, Tom Pickard's own poems, photographs and contemporary press reports. It is a powerful blend. What is novel is the way that the poems are built around the photographs of the march, and even Tom Pickard's titling of the pictures brings out his native northern wit. My favourite is one of Lord Hailsham, Ramsay MacDonald and Lord Londonderry in an ornate garden, entitled 'One prime minister, a rabbit, three dodos on plinths, two lords and a small snapping reptile'.

Baldwin's cabinet tried to expose it, the fascists were frightened of it, the Labour Party Conference blacked it, the police infiltrated and monitored it, the Communists sought to control it, the Bishop of Durham 'deplored it', but the people of Jarrow, carrying the hearts and hopes of every depressed and poverty-stricken area, marched on it. There remain, nevertheless, disturbing questions: were the marchers in full control? Or were they robbed of making maximum impact on parliament and public opinion? This, for the first time, is the story of how it really was.

David Douglass

Byron by FREDERIC RAPHAEL *Thames & Hudson* £8.95

This is not a book that the world badly needed. Byron and Lady Caroline Lamb, and Annabella Milbanke, and Augusta Leigh, and Claire Clairmont, and 'La Fornarina', and Teresa Guiccioli, the 'Last Attachment', and . . . We have been round this course before, and something by way of new scholarship, or new insight, or non-new but straight and modest narrative, has to be on offer to make it worth our while going round yet again. But there's not enough of any of these here.

If only Mr Raphael wasn't so anxious to be brilliant: it just makes him very wearing. His favourite implements are the pseudo-aphorism, the psuedo-pun, and the unnecessary, often alliterative, classification. For example:

> Bonaparte was an apostatic apostle of the new who, like Byron, liked to strike archaizing attitudes. The causes of liberty and of self-advancement were wonderfully reconciled in the career of the iconoclast who became an icon.

He also goes in for clotted syntax ('It was as unfortunate that Byron could not coerce or cajole the Greeks into unity as it was unlikely that anyone else could have done as much') and paragraphs that end up several topics away from where they've started. And there aren't enough dates. Popular biographies that make no claim to original research are an important and necessary thing, but they must at least be a clear, simple read.

Raphael is at his best when speculating about Byron's sad and unsuccessful marriage, and he also condenses very ably the final months of political intrigues in Greece. But he does seem to be almost obsessed with Byron in the role of sexual desperado. Byron undoubtedly got through an awful lot of women in his short life, but one would scarcely have thought from this book that he, unlike other Regency lords, is remembered for having been a major writer. In between all the whoring and weeping and swimming-stunts he actually spent many thousands of hours shut away writing many thousands of lines of poetry, thinking about versification, even reading books. His prose, too, gets little look-in. When Raphael does make literary judgments, they are vague and cautious. Most of the time he doesn't make any.

Richard Deveson

Kew: Gardens for Science and Pleasure edited by F. NIGEL HEPPER *HMSO* £9.95

Kew is a highly decorative collection of essays on various aspects of the world famous Royal Botanic Gardens. These describe the history, development and scientific research of Kew and its Sussex annex, Wakenhurst Place. The result is less than satisfactory.

We learn, for example, that the emergence of the conservatory in the middle 19th century as the new appendage to the Victorian mansion was due to a conjunction of technology and politics: a combination of the availability of good quality sheet glass plus new construction techniques in iron, and the removal of the glass tax in 1845. Similarly we learn, almost in passing, that current forestry practices predicted on maximising returns by planting conifers rather than deciduous woods are threatening wildlife, and that the International Union for the Conservation of Nature has produced a *Red Data Book* estimating that, worldwide, at least 20,000 plant species are in danger of extinction. These and similar comments remain isolated and unconnected.

Instead the ornamental side of Kew dominates. The balance is such that it is as if a book on the British Army devoted the majority of its length to the ceremony of 'trooping the colour'. Those who are satisfied with the appearance will be well served by the beautiful pictures and illustrations making up the 'coffee table' aspect of this book. However, those who wish to delve deeper into Kew's function as another arm of the British state should turn instead to Lucile Brockway's *Science and Colonial Expansion: The Role of the British Royal Botanic Gardens.*

Glyn Ford

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FICTION: Lewis Jones

English for foreigners

Quotations from Other Lives by PENELOPE GILLIATT *Secker* £6.95
Liars in Love by RICHARD YATES *Methuen* £7.95
Close the Door Behind You by RAY SALISBURY. *Deutsch* £7.95
Baby Driver by JAN KEROUAC *Deutsch* £7.95

Crossing the Atlantic does funny things to people. Lorelei Lee, for example, the heroine of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,* found that it affected her language: 'But really, I mean to say, I often remember Papa back in Arkansas and he often used to say that his grandfather came from a place in England called Australia. So really, I mean to say, it is no wonder that the English seems to come out of me sometimes. Because if a girl seems to have an English accent I really think it is quite jolly.' It has had the same effect on Penelope Gilliatt, who, according to the blurb of **Quotations from Other Lives,** 'divides her time between London and New York'. The stories in this book are mainly about England and most were first printed in the *New Yorker.*

The people in these stories have conversations about dictionaries and make a great fuss about the differences between English and American usage, but the language in them is a fantastic confusion of the two. Most of these people are upper-class. They go to Oxford where they read Modern Greats and drink claret: 'We take the labels off here, of course, because everyone can tell and anyway it's decanted.' Then they go and live at one of their 'three family seats' and worry about the furniture ('the places were not originally architected to be furnished that way'). They keep body and soul together by 'barbecueing steak on the toasting grill', with occasional pause for 'a large dollop of the very best sherry'. They wear lorgnettes. They all talk as Ms Gilliatt writes, with a strained sensitivity positively groanin' with book-larnin': 'All those French housewives now are more Napoleonic than Proustian'. Many characters are presented as Greek scholars, and one actually demonstrates her knowledge of that language by referring to 'the hoi-de-polloi'. The cumulative effect of all this is that of an English-for-Foreigners book written as a practical joke.

The stories are ostensibly about the love-affairs of these preposterous people but they seem to me to be more about the aesthetic arrangement of different sorts of possessions (language, clothes, houses, jobs) than passion. Ms Gilliat has one of her characters say that these are hard times for writers, as all they have to write about is the unpleasant spectacle of capitalism at bay. If she believes this, as a few other vaguely socialist remarks would suggest, why does she take refuge in a fantastical snobbism?

Liars in Love is an honest book. It is written in plain and workmanlike American and concerns recognisable people who are, like the rest of us, a fairly pitiable lot. 'Liars' is perhaps intentionally misleading: human motive, particularly in the matter of love, may only ever be partly understood, and the resultant misunderstanding is seldom either unintended or unexploited. With considerable subtlety Richard Yates shifts his perspective back and forth between deceiver and deceived until we are hard put to distinguish them. One of the stories in this collection, 'A Natural Girl', is about the suffering which may be caused by too resolute an honesty and so brings the nature of that honesty into question. Dorothy Parker once wrote that 'One of you is lying'; Mr Yates seems to be saying, with more justice, that both of you are.

These stories are about the shapes people oblige one another to assume, and the family, or at least a nuclear and highly temporary version of it, is naturally an important factor in this. From the viewpoint of child or parent, wife or (more usually) husband, Mr Yates sketches the usual things with remarkable fidelity. Nothing earth-shaking occurs; life goes on. The general tone of this book is expressed by the title of one of the stories, 'Trying Out for the Race', where the race referred to is the human one.

Close the Door Behind You is a first novel of strongly autobiographical flavour. It is set in a Sussex village at the end of the

'Words are all we have'

Samuel Beckett

A Dictionary of Contemporary Quotations

Compiled by Jonathon Green
From Adler (Larry) to Zappa (Frank) here are the words of the wise and weird in a truly contemporary collection which includes advertising slogans, catch phrases and graffiti. *A Pan Original*

No Particular Place to Go

Hugo Williams
A travelogue of the author's poetry-reading tour of the States. With a poet's eye, he elicits the rich lunacies of the land of his R&B dreams. *Picador*

The Crystal Bucket

TV Criticism from the Observer 1976-79
Clive James
The best of his brilliant pieces from a golden era of TV schlock. Clive James was last year's British Press Awards Critic of the Year. *Picador*
'He is one of the most remarkable figures in British cultural life at the moment... who is also genuinely liked by the mass audience'
LONDON REVIEW OF BOOKS

The Garden of Earthly Delights

Peter S. Beagle
Fantasy writer Peter S. Beagle explains detail-by-detail the strange events in Hieronymous Bosch's dream/nightmare painting. In full colour and large format. *A Picador Original.*

The Nine Symphonies of Beethoven

Antony Hopkins
The creator of the famous 'Talking About Music' radio series examines each symphony against the context of the composer's life. **'Hopkins celebrates the living artist in a way that that artist would probably have approved'** *Anthony Burgess,*
TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

PAVANNE – FOUR NEW NOVELS.

Angel Landing

Alice Hoffman
A woman finds herself torn between an anti-nuclear protester and an anti-nuclear terrorist.

Jules and Jim

Henri-Pierre Roche
The novel of two men and their shared woman that became Truffaut's screen triumph.

Violet Clay

Gail Godwin
A woman artist faces crisis as all the props of her life are taken away.

Dear Fred

K.M. Peyton
A haunting novel set in the Newmarket racing world from the author of the **Flambards** trilogy.

...AND AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Life, the Universe and Everything

The ultimate answer from Douglas Adams is now widely available throughout the Galaxy. *A Pan Original.*

NOT JUST THE SAME OLD THING
Pan Books

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Second World War and deals with the life, from one winter to another, of a four-year-old boy named Simon. As one easily bored by natural history and distrustful of nostalgia, I am inclined to avoid novels about rural childhood, but this one struck me as very fine – in a class, say, with Laurie Lee. Ray Salisbury manages to catch both the limpid perception of childhood and its awful bewilderment; and to give to its seemingly incoherent and endless nature a satisfying dramatic shape.

When the novel begins, Simon is living with his grandparents and his great-grandmother, which he likes as he gets on very well with his grandfather, a gardener and odd-job man. His mother is working at a big house nearby, and his father, whom he has never seen, is in a Japanese POW camp. At the end of the war his parents take him to live in a new council house, which he doesn't like at all. It is around this tension that the story works. The details of childhood are just right; the nature stuff is unobtrusive; the dialogue is admirable. (I particularly liked the grandmother's way of swearing: 'Where the p'liceman have you been?'). A sequel is promised; I look forward to it.

Baby Driver is subtitled 'A story about myself by Jan Kerouac'; it describes a very ropy childhood indeed, one which ends with a miscarriage in Mexico at fifteen. At one stage our heroine meets her father, the more famous Jack, and writes that she wished 'to be in accord with this naughty bummish fellow': that just about sums it up. You've heard of Son of Frankenstein, now meet the equally monstrous Daughter of Kerouac. *Baby Driver* is an attempt at *On the Road,* a low-life Odyssey; but, interesting and lively as it is, it doesn't work because it lacks the almost religious innocence of that novel. There is no poetry in this jaunty catalogue of fixes and fucks. In dreams begin responsibilities, Jack. □

Greek sketches

Glyn Hughes

1.
Jellyfish like half-transparent roses
flower a few hours before
the sleek sea turns to clean itself
and a wild sheet of light breaks up on
the shore.

Oily sheets of plastic float,
a gull's white flashes like a star –
one moment transparent, the next dark,
lunging on the beat of its wings.

2.
The first time that I saw
an ancient theatre it looked like a child's
drawing of the sun in grass
dried to the colour of stone.

3.
Drop by drop the poppies' red
splashes on the stony fields,
so brightly that it scalds my eyes.
Oh, the glare of flowers
lighting up scorched olive groves
where the spiders scatter
like spit cast on a stove!

ART: John Spurling

Weathermen

De Chirico *Tate*
Soutine *Hayward until 22 August*

Converging on Paris in the second decade of the century, Giorgio de Chirico, son of an Italian railway engineer, and Chaim Soutine, son of a Lithuanian Jewish clothes-mender, put up at an hotel and at an artists' commune respectively. After three years at the Vilna School of Fine Arts, Soutine had abandoned his native country and his family, taking nothing more than the railway ticket to Paris. De Chirico, five years older, born in Greece and trained at the Athens Polytechnic and the Academy of Fine Arts in Munich, had already painted the first of his characteristic 'metaphysical' compositions in Florence and had come to Paris with his mother. By a strange chance two major, foreign-organised shows of their work, with well-filled catalogues, are in London at the same time – though the Soutine ends this week – for they are almost absurdly complementary artists.

De Chirico, deeply influenced by Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, creates Pirandellian, Borgesian puzzles and enigmas, drily painted with the emphasis on line and geometry. Soutine, with a passion for Rembrandt, but who also admired El Greco, Raphael, Goya, Ingres and Courbet, is a Dylan Thomas among painters, a man for colour, impasto, flesh, lashing and writhing forms, with never a straight line in all his work. Seen one after the other they are like the figures in a sort of early 20th-century weatherhouse, symbolising the southern and northern, the Apollonian and Dionysian, the urban bourgeois and the rural peasant temperaments. The common denominator is unreality, or rather the dislocation of accepted reality, and both work by recomposing what is in front of their eyes into an intensely personal structure, in effect a private narrative.

De Chirico's story is that of a traveller – an Odysseus or an Argonaut – who, having set out from an ordered classical world of architecture and perspective, returns to find it changed. Not out of all recognition, but almost more alarmingly, so that it no longer makes sense. The perspectives have gone wrong; the architecture is flat and unconvincing, like outdated stage scenery; the statues are headless, distorted, their original purpose (to commemorate a god or hero) forgotten; incongruous objects (a train, a factory chimney, a bunch of bananas, a horsebox) have, somewhat tentatively, entered the space; living people are visible only as shadows. The old world has lost its solidity and meaning, but the new world is still trying to fit into it, rather than replace it. Everything appears to be frozen, but there is a golden glow above the horizon and high up on towers flags are streaming in the wind. It is a note of optimism: at least the globe is still rolling and

De Chirico's self-portrait (1922)

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the air still moving, even if human affairs have reached a temporary impasse.

It may look like a dream to us, but for de Chirico the story is true. He is showing us his own reality, his world just before the First World War, together with his equivocal feelings about it. Stations and trains, brick towers, geometry and tropical fruit (which may perhaps symbolise Italy's colonial venture in Libya) excite him as much as Renaissance arcades, empty piazzas and antique statues. The paintings are melancholy because their elements cannot be assimilated, cannot add up to a habitable place. The painter would like to live there – his realism consists in admitting that, and admitting also that the place can only exist in his mind or on canvas. The famous 'enigmas', the meanings lurking beyond physical appearances, are compounded of a longing for the classical or Renaissance past with an admiration for the new energies conjured up by the late 19th century.

In 1914 de Chirico added the barrel of a cannon to a foreground which was more shut in than usual and, as the war went on, the paintings became more claustrophobic, more vertiginous, with everything tilted up against the picture plane instead of spread back to a horizon. Statues in the middle distance became busts, torsos or geometrical fragments at close quarters; the little shadows suggesting humanity at one remove turned into large, articulated dummies denying humanity altogether. Aware of Cubism and collage, de Chirico grew more sophisticated, broke up his classical world completely and reassembled the pieces as if he were a true apostle of the new.

Yet this period, whose work inspired both the Surrealists and the German New Realists after the war, was the one most foreign to himself. He returned to pick up the past, styled himself *'pictor classicus'*, experimented with Classicism, Romanticism, Baroque and Primitivism, and gradually lost nearly everybody's sympathy, especially that of Surrealists and art-historians. This exhibition, organised by William Rubin of the Museum of Modern Art, New York and reduced for its London showing, contains only a token sample of Chirico's later work, so that one cannot judge whether he really found a way to reconcile his present with his nostalgia for the past or whether, as we have always been led to believe, he flourished only briefly as one of the earliest and most haunting depictors of the 20th century's loss of its bearings.

Soutine's story is a northern folk-tale in which the hero – another traveller – seeks a kingdom and perhaps a princess, but never emerges from the nightmare country through which he is passing. In the paintings done at Céret, before Soutine became rich and successful, the whole landscape is buckling and heaving as in an earthquake; snake-like trees bar the foreground; houses, hills, branches momentarily compose themselves into monstrous faces. Later, at Cagnes, the landscapes become a little calmer and sweeter, roads twist up into them, but the traveller making the ascent looks as if he has fallen flat in the dust and the houses still sway alarmingly.

In the last series of landscapes, done at the outbreak of the Second World War, there is a kind of reversal. The trees have become a protective screen beaten by a rising wind from the stormy sky behind, while the traveller, reduced now to the size of a child and accompanied often, hand-in-hand, by another (recalling the old ad 'Children's Shoes Have Far To Go'), follows a well-laid road with pathetic insouciance. Soutine died in 1943, in Nazi-occupied Paris, of stomach ulcers. De Chirico, widely considered, as Rubin puts it, 'a tragedy that turned into a farce', survived until 1978. Sad stories, both. □

THEATRE: Christopher Edwards

Making merry

The Tempest by SHAKESPEARE *RSC, Stratford*
She Stoops to Conquer by OLIVER GOLDSMITH *Lyric, Hammersmith*

The Tempest presents a director with its own special challenge. There is conflict enough in the text, but it all fits into an over-all scheme magically determined by Prospero's art; the actual moments of dramatic confrontation are few. Add to this the static masque element and there is a threat that the play will separate into a series of elaborate set pieces. It is a measure of Ron Daniels's success that he both finds the play's narrative drive and stages what must be the most sumptuous RSC show of the year.

In Maria Bjornson's striking set, Prospero's isle is like a ship's graveyard – the action taking place around a huge wreck of broken masts and tattered sails the remnants perhaps of the vessel that carried Prospero, his books and Miranda to the island 12 years before. Jacobi's Prospero, as well as being the exiled Duke of Milan and a father, is emphatically a magician too – the first glimpse of him between lightning flashes is of a swirling cloak covered in cabbalistic symbols. As the storm abates Miranda runs in to implore her father to quell the elements and save the mariners. At first sight she seems a wild thing – bare shouldered, her hair in long braids, but the true perspective of nature and nurture comes into focus when Bob Peck's monstrous Caliban climbs, hairy-hands first, out of an underground pit. Like Miranda's his hair is braided but it is a filthy matted mass and, along with his beard, knotted and studded with beads; in fact there is more than a touch of the Rastafarian about him. But his voice didn't match the animality of his appearance; it was too external, a bit mechanical even, and you were often reminded of the bluff chap beneath the hair.

Ariel (Mark Rylance) is a delicate, high-voiced presence who glides over the set, constantly seeking out the highest points on which to perch, like a cat. At times he sulks, at times he is anxious to please. There is real affection between him and Prospero but, with his eyes longingly scanning the skies, Rylance emphasises Ariel's impatience to return to the elements. There is a neat touch at the end when Prospero summons him and Ariel fails to materialise; a sense of loss flickers across Jacobi's face even as he knows that Ariel *will* perform the last task. The low-life business is brought beautifully to life too – in particular in Christopher Benjamin's drunken butler Stephano, played here with just the right measure of affected, genteel solemnity, and offering the perfect comic parallel to Robert Mahoney's sinister Antonio in the serious conspiracy being hatched elsewhere on the island. There is also a brilliant piece of pantomime with the four-legged monster (Trinculo and Caliban under a cloak) which had both adults and children in fits. The masque scene in Act IV is the showpiece of this magical production.

WITH THE superb revival of **She Stoops to Conquer** at the Lyric, Hammersmith, William Gaskill returns to the world of 18th-century comedy upon which he left his distinctive mark several years ago. The play was dedicated to Dr Johnson . . . 'the greatest wit may be found in a character without impairing the most unaffected piety'. A compliment just and true as applied to the good Doctor of course, but it also points to the differences between Goldsmith and the Restoration dramatists he followed. As well as doing without their easy cynicism and the mechanical witticisms which seem to, but don't, say interesting things about sexual manners, Goldsmith is more truly conversational in manner. His characters are clever, very funny and, after some improbable plot twisting, honesty and good sense prevail.

Betty Marsden is a wonderfully absurd Mrs Hardcastle, a self-centred, *soi-disant* sophisticate all dressed up in a collage of fashionable French silks; Mr Hastings, killing time before his effort to elope with the niece and the jewels, flatteringly informs her that 50 will be the *à la mode* age next winter in London . . . 'Seriously?' she moans huskily. Her 'pretty' lambkin son Tony is a masterpiece of comic characterisation and Ron Cook does the role full justice: a diminutive country wag, a sort of Dennis the Menace in an 18th-century riding jacket, he bursts with infectious delight as he bites the maternal hand that feeds (and oppresses) him.

Gaskill helps you to sense why this squire hates the hypocrisy of the lovers he tries to help, by presenting Tony's natural milieu with such conviction right at the start when Tony is drawn to the natural good fellowship of the ale house, with its ballads and the conversation of Jack Slang the Horse Doctor.

There is space only to commend the rest of the cast – Nigel Terry's Marlow and Tracey Ullman's Kate brilliantly carry off the switches in their conduct, thus enabling the cripplingly shy Marlow to believe he is making up to a bar-girl, the only kind of woman he knows how to behave, or misbehave with. I hope this production is allowed to stay somewhere in London for, as Dr Johnson said of the original, 'it answers the great end of comedy – making an audience merry. □

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FILMS: John Preston

Upriver

Burden of Dreams (AA) *Paris Pullman*
Puberty Blues (AA) *Studio, Cinecenta*

The cinema would be a much duller place without Werner Herzog, but judging by Les Blank's intriguing documentary **Burden of Dreams,** there's a little corner of the Amazonian jungle whose inhabitants would have been a lot happier if they'd never set eyes on him. This is where Herzog shot much of *Fitzcarraldo,* and Blank, a seasoned Herzog watcher, was on hand to record the various setbacks and disasters that dogged the production. There's a brief glimpse of Jason Robards and Mick Jagger in action before both had to quit the film but the main interest lies in Herzog's treatment of the local Indians. Here it's all too plain that what came over in *Fitzcarraldo* as the magnificent folly of the whole venture was, in reality, distinctly short on grandeur and sky-high on lunacy, not to say criminal irresponsibility. Forced to flee the original location with arrows whizzing past his ears, Herzog then enlisted the help of a more docile tribe to haul Fitzcarraldo's steamship up the now notorious 40-degree slope.

His solemn declaration that he has no wish to interfere with their lifestyle begins to sound increasingly hollow as he forces them to behave in a manner that is completely alien to their culture and shows little regard for their surroundings or safety. Having been reassured that the foreigners will not, as they fear, 'take our faces and use our grease to make airplanes', the natives soon discover that what they've let themselves in for is hardly any less traumatic. Bulldozers are flown in to flatten a ramp for the boat along with prostitutes to keep the unit happy, while Klaus Kinski does his bit to ruin their economy by paying way over the odds for bows and arrows to take home as presents for his family.

Dragging the boat over the hill proves to be far more difficult than Herzog ever anticipated, and as time presses on and the boat remains firmly wedged on the starting blocks, he sits down with the engineer in charge of the operation and calmly discusses how high the mortality rate is likely to be. The engineer finally walks out in disgust leaving Herzog to get on with it on his own. In the event, more by luck than good judgment, no one is killed (although five have already died in a plane crash) and eventually, almost two years behind schedule and way over budget, *Fitzcarraldo* trundles past the finishing post leaving in its wake a community that must still be wondering what on earth hit it. Herzog himself comes across as a man of enormous charm with little in the way of foam round his mouth except for one moment when he starts ranting at the jungle, 'this overwhelming fornication, this overwhelming murder'. Since he's had a direct hand in the fornication and has only just escaped being a party to murder, it's a complaint that doesn't elicit much sympathy. But there is a final, even more damning footnote to this crazy escapade. Herzog has maintained all along that he's really doing the Indians a favour, because when shooting is over he's going to buy them the deeds to their land so that no one can come and develop it. This in itself is fairly ironic but, as an end caption informs us – yes, you've guessed it – they're still waiting.

Bruce Beresford's **Puberty Blues** is set in Australian surfing country where the choice before adolescent girls is whether to become a 'surf chick' or a 'nurd'. Debbie (Nell Schofield) and Sue (Jad Capelja) both opt for a life of excitement as surf chicks and are soon losing their virginity in the backs of station wagons and generally waiting hand and foot on the surfing boys who are rigorously unschooled in the finer arts of courtship. 'Want a screw?', says one. 'Yeah all right', replies Debbie, a decision she will later have good cause to regret. Surf chicks, it turns out, are not allowed to speak out of turn, eat in front of their boy friends or even go to the lavatory when they're around. In the end all this subservience gets their goat and the two girls commit what in Bondi terms is a social *faux pas* of epic proportions, buying a surf board and learning to ride the waves themselves.

It's all been done before, but *Puberty Blues* is several notches higher than most adolescent sagas due largely to the sour edge that prevails throughout. There is one particularly horrific scene where a girl is coerced into a gang bang; the boys' aggressive chauvinism looks far too deeply ingrained for anything to shift it. The script could have done with some tightening up, but the performances are good and Nell Schofield is outstanding. Predictably, the Humbert element is well catered for with the lower extremities of bikini-clad surf chicks popping into frame rather more often than seems absolutely necessary. □

TELEVISION: William Boyd

Counting the pounds

DIETING is big business – as if we need reminding – but it's one of those phenomena which generate hurricanes of hot air over what is in reality a subject of extreme simplicity. People are fat and they want to get thin. All they have to do is eat less food and drink less booze. As easy as pie. Last week two programmes added their weight to the 'controversy' – such as it is – but left me none the wiser. *The Man Alive Debate* (BBC-2) faced feminist anti-dieter Suzy Orbach with a packed house of radical Weight-Watchers, and *Medical Express* (BBC-1) initiated a series of investigations into all aspects of the business.

The root of the problem, and the reason why the slimming industry makes millions of pounds out of people ostensibly eating *less* – something of an antithetical notion when you think about it – is that dieters want to lose weight and at the same time pretend they're not on a diet at all. Hence all the garbage that's manufactured to fill those unoccupied three-meals-a-day slots. It's the latest variation on the 'having your cake and eating it' syndrome, a formula guaranteed to appeal to human beings.

Suzy Orbach's theories are more complicated and got a very cool reception from the Weight-Watchers. Women put on weight, she averred, because it's an unconscious rebellion against the images of pencil-thighed lovelies that lounge in every advertisement. No, the cry came back, we put on weight because we like eating food. Women don't stay thin, she continued, because they're frightened of being thin. Thinness is meant to offer a solution to all manner of 'life-problems' – which naturally don't disappear once the pounds have been shed. Replace the beef and suddenly there's a scapegoat for all the non-achieving. Nobody went for that one.

Medical Express threw up more statistics that didn't fit the theoretical framework. As a nation we're obsessed with dieting and yet obesity is on the increase among both men and women. The 'ideal image' for a woman – as dreamt up by the admen – is skinny, near anorexic, and yet in a *Medical Express* poll of men far and away the highest number said they preferred the 'amply curvaceous' figure.

The one indisputable fact that emerged from the good-natured *Man Alive* wrangle was that far more pressure is exerted on women to slim than on men. Look at all the complacently fat politicians, Suzy Orbach enjoined. And it's true. The faces of most leading male politicians are totally distorted with fat: apple cheeks, umpteen chins, great dewlaps of flesh overhanging their collars. I thought Stan Ogden had the fattest neck on TV but there are lots of rivals for that honour on both sides of the House.

If you're a fat man then your extra pounds are no impediment to success. But then nor is thinness, as demonstrated on *Third Eye* (BBC-2) by Sir Y. K. Tao, an ex-refugee from China, now a millionaire Hong Kong ship-owner and a sprightly 64-year-old to boot, who gets up at six and skips, runs and swims before arriving at the office. This profile was a hymn of praise to Sir Y.K.'s brand of dynamic capitalism and a massive advert for his firm. Not a breath of criticism, not a hint of qualification was allowed to besmirch the unrelenting panegyric – giving rise to grave doubts about the even-handedness of the enterprise.

If you want to know what a real millionaire is like then Blake Carrington in *Dynasty* (BBC-1) is conceivably a more reliable model. *Dynasty* has reached the end of its run with Blake on trial for the murder of his son's gay lover. This series is as compulsive hogwash as all the others but for a novel reason: all the characters are so weak, so riven with bad faith and lack of backbone that one tunes in each week vainly hoping that just one of them might make a stand. No sign so far. Another triumph for thin rich men. □

Note: Benedict Nightingale and John Coleman are on holiday. Benedict Nightingale will be back next week, John Coleman in three weeks' time.

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WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2733 Set by Humphrey Dumphrey

James Cameron wrote of Commander Trestrail: 'He will not sell his story to the *Sun*.' The echo of G. K. Chesterton's 'I think I will not hang myself today' is too good to miss. Write two stanzas, each eight lines long and each ending with Cameron's evocative phrase. Entries need not be about poor old Trestrail; let your imagination roam. By 3 September.

No 2730 Set by E. O. Parrott

Modern Wildean definitions.

Report By Len the Unlucky

Summoned from my usual resting place in Lincoln's Inn Fields, I present myself at Ms de Meaner's office stripped for duty. 'Okay gumboil,' barks that well-loved voice. 'This is where you get lucky. Give this Wilde comp the once over. We might even pay you.' After scouring the almost empty comp folder for a few minutes I tell her the worst. 'Bit of a thin one I'm afraid, chief. Holiday season and all that. Perhaps two quid a quip. And as for my fee . . .' My words are cut short by an 80-decibel blast.

American tourists: The spectacular in search of a spectacle.
Muzak: The deaf leading the deaf.
Chinese take-aways: Murder from the Orient Express.
BILL GREENWELL

Motorway meal: Paying the incredible for the inedible.
Video recorder: A device enabling the owners to waste their time and money twice over.
JIM ANTHONY

Sliced white bread: Flour without responsibility.
The PR officer: A person with an answer for everything and an explanation for nothing.
EWAN SMITH

A computer: Like the very worst kind of drawing-room adventurer – cold, fast and calculating.
A zebra crossing: The deftest way yet discovered of dividing the quick from the dead.
MARTIN FAGG

Television: Mental poverty gazing at moral bankruptcy.
GERARD BENSON

A computer: A device which knows the meaning of everything and the significance of nothing.
Television: Like Her Majesty's Opposition – a shadow cabinet full of bores.
BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Television: More an instrument of cheap talk than of free speech.
F. BUTLER

Jogging: The unathletic attacking the irreducible.
JOHN STANLEY

Structuralist criticism: The unreadable in pursuit of the unread.
MAY DAY

The New English Bible: The word made flash.
T. A. DYER

NS Competitions: The Greenhorns pursuing the Greenwells.
P. W. R. FOOT

TAKING PART

John McVicar

Spent forces at a funeral

UNTIL *Newsnight* asked me to help with a feature they were putting together on the Kray twins, I hadn't even thought about going to the funeral of their mother, Violet. I hadn't been invited and I don't like funerals anyway.

Usually, if I use my criminal friends to do a TV piece, they watch it with an eye to my being completely in their corner. And, of course, that is just the position the TV people try to ensure I don't take. So I end up alienating both sides. But this time I decided I'd get each to agree to what I was going to say before I did the programme. First, I established with the programme's journalists the points I wished to make in relation to the twins; then I rang up the twins' older brother, Charlie, to okay the same points with him. It was only after I'd cleared my party-piece with both sides that I went to the funeral, where *Newsnight* would be filming.

As I joined the thousand or so mourners, policemen, reporters and rubber-neckers outside the Finsbury council block where Mrs Violet Kray lived, I felt for once I'd done it right. To make it clear to anyone who knew me that I wasn't there as a mourner, I even wore an open-necked shirt with no jacket and carried a notebook.

When I arrived the undertakers were roofing the six-Granada cortege with wreaths from the massive spread on the pavement. Reporters, photographers and camera crews were everywhere frantically searching for gangsters and celebrities. The twins' friends are supposed to read like a *Who's Who* of showbiz and the underworld, so it was a question of finding them – even if it did turn the funeral into what the papers called 'a gangland circus'. The trouble was that the only showbiz celebrity present was Diana Dors and the only gangsters there were middle-aged and retired.

The press must have been grateful to Diana Dors for covering their exposed celebrity flank. Every newspaper, radio and TV station that reported the funeral – and they all gave it top billing – mentioned her. I felt they cheated a bit, though. Diana Dors may have spoken to Violet Kray on the phone, but she didn't *know* her and was really using the funeral to audition for the role of the twins' mother in the forthcoming movie on the Krays.

They had an easier time in establishing that the underworld still paid homage to the twins. There were about 25 heavies there. The trouble was, their names didn't mean anything to the reporters, never mind the general public. The *Guardian* did try telling its readers that two of the Nash brothers were among the villain mourners, explaining that they are 'the most prestigious club-owners in the East End'. Unfortunately, of the five Nash brothers there, none of them owned a club.

What most newspapers did to give some factual substance to stories of 'men triangular with muscles and with hands as large as babies' heads' was to cite me. A *Daily Mirror* photographer surreptitiously snapped me, in open-neck shirt and all, and captioned me as a mourner. There I was playing it right by my old criminal friends, with my new media colleagues doubling on me to prop up their tabloid fictions.

After talking to a few of 'the chaps' who were standing conspicuously incognito opposite the cortege, one of *Newsnight*'s journalists drove me over to the Chingford church where the service and burial were held. Soon after we arrived, the twins were brought to the church under an armed escort. They both looked frail, pathetic, middle-aged men – less than shadows of the high-powered gangsters who in the '60s reigned unchallenged in London's crimeland. Three years ago Ronnie was judged insane and is now in Broadmoor; Reggie is in the hospital wing at Parkhurst because of a number of suicide attempts. Whether it is the banality of what they lived by or the desolation of being in the middle of a 30-year sentence (the minimum time they must serve), it's crushed them – they look and are a spent force. Afterwards an old friend commented: 'They didn't know what day it was. You could see they were out of it.' After the church service they were taken back to prison, not being allowed to attend the burial.

While they had the service I did my *Newsnight* stint, making some sort of case for reducing Reggie's sentence. Ronnie, the dominant twin, killed twice and Reggie once; but Reggie's killing was done virtually at Ronnie's instigation. If a defence of diminished responsibility could have been mounted by Reggie, he'd probably have been found guilty of manslaughter and received a lighter sentence.

Of course, the tabloids didn't let the reality of the twins affect their coverage. The *People* had it that they were 'in the prime of their vicious lives' and the *Sun* had a marvellous description of them arriving for the funeral: 'The two former underworld kings both wore dark suits – like those that were once their trademark of terror.' The press had problems with how to deal with Violet Kray because, although she'd been a devoted mum and therefore was above reproach, she had raised them. The *Sunday Express* decided that the funeral 'was an insult to all good mothers' and that Mrs Kray had been 'the begetter of the gutter morality of vicious thugs'!

I thought I'd come out of it pretty well. One of the *Newsnight* team said my bit was okay and Charlie Kray rang me up and said, 'You done triffic John.' However, the next day I got sideboxed by three faces in a club. 'They took a right liberty not letting the twins by the graveside. How come you never said that on telly, John? And I thought it was a bit strong you not wearing a coat and tie for the funeral. . . .' □

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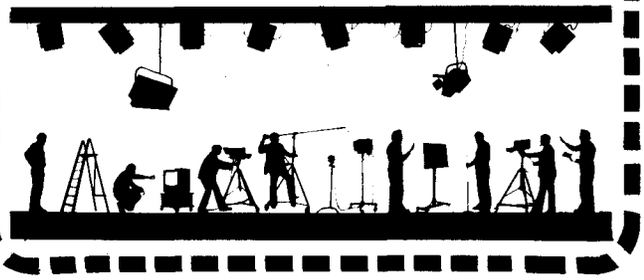

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FRI 20 AUGUST

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LONDON E9. East London Troops Out Movement Benefit. IVORY COASTERS. 8 pm. £2.50 (£1.25 u/w). Chat's Palace, 42-44 Brooksby's Walk.

SAT 21 AUGUST

EDINBURGH. Peace March Scotland. Assemble 9.30 a.m. Sighthill Park. Festival and rally 1 p.m. in The Meadows. Speakers, music, etc. **031-557 4283.**
21-22 AUGUST, ALFRISTON, SUSSEX. S.E. England Cider & Beer Festival. London ales and Ciders from S.E. England. Noon-6 pm. £2.50. English Wine Centre, Drusillas Corner. **0323 870532.**
LONDON W8. Notting Hill Carnival Gala Night. Music, dance, food, drink, competitions with Alex Pascall & Lord Sam. 7 p.m.-1 a.m. £5. Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High Street. Tel. **01-602 3252 ext. 228.**
LONDON SW1. Films – 'Champions' (GB 1978) plus 'UndeRage' (GB 1982), in Teenage Kicks season. £2.50. 6.30 p.m. ICA, The Mall. Tel. **01-930 3647.**

SUN 22 AUGUST

EDINBURGH. Nuclear Free Scotland Activist Conference, at Rudolf Steiner School. Details – SCRAM **031-557 4283.**
FARNHAM, SURREY. William Cobbett Society organising expedition to retrace Rural Rides, Hants-Surrey border. Details: Secretary, The Museum, West St.
BRIGHTON. 'Film & Psychoanalysis' series. 'The Cobweb' (V. Minelli). £1.50 (£1 u/w). 7 p.m. Hanover Centre, Southover St.

TUES 24 AUGUST

LONDON SW1. Rock Video shows inc. Duran Duran, Ultravox, Kim Carnes, David Bowie, Visage, ABC, Kim Wilde. £1.25. ICA, The Mall. Tel. **01-930 3647.**

WED 25 AUGUST

LONDON W11. Meeting – 'Culture & Creativity.' W. London Socialist Soc. 7.30 p.m. Methodist Church, Lancaster Rd. Tel. **01-289 1397.**

THURS 26 AUGUST

26-27 AUGUST, EDINBURGH. Radio Meeting Challenge: 3rd Annual Edinburgh International Radio Festival. Contact Jamie Jauncey on **0672 810034** or **01-439 9756.**

BIRMINGHAM. Meeting . 'The Left Wing. What are they out for?' S.P.G.B. 7.30 p.m. Dr Johnstone House, Bull St.
LONDON SW2. Meeting S. Lond. Irish Solidarity Committee. 7.30 p.m. Lambeth Town Hall, Acre Lane.

SAT 28 AUGUST

PORTSMOUTH. Radio Victory Free Folk and Caeilidh in the Guildhall Square. Features Maddy Prior. Tel. **0705-834184.**
26-29 AUGUST, 4-5 SEPT. Krishnamurti speaks at Brockwood Park, Bramdean, Nr. Alresford, Hants. Q&A meetings 31 Aug., 2 Sept.
LONDON W8. Notting Hill Children's Carnival. Carnival King & Queen. Music, dance, fun, food, drink. Adults £1. Kids 50p. Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High Street. Tel. **01-602 3252 ext. 266.**

FORTHCOMING

AUGUST, NIGHTLY. LONDON SW13. Live Jazz at the 'Bulls Head', Lonsdale Road.
TUESDAYS till 30 NOVEMBER, LONDON EC3. Lunchtime talks 1.10 p.m. on progress of BILLINGSGATE EXCAVATION. 25p. Public Viewing Gallery, Lower Thames Street. Public viewing daily.
1 SEPTEMBER. LONDON SW1. 'Euro-elections' – Richard Balfe, MEP. Cent Lond. Fabian Soc. County Hall. 7.30 p.m.
3-5 SEPTEMBER. HERTS. CND Campaign Training Skills Weekend. £7. Canon Frome, Ledbury. Details: **0272 513631.**
4-5 SEPTEMBER. ALFRISTON, SUSSEX. English Vineyard Wine Festival. Noon-6 pm. £3. English Wine Centre, Drusillas Corner. **0323 870532.**
4-8 SEPTEMBER. LONDON to BRIGHTON – Workers March Against Racism from Brick Lane to TUC Conference in Brighton. Details **01-274 3951. W.A.R.**
6 SEPTEMBER, LONDON W1. 'Ladies and Nurses in the Crimean War.' History Workshop Seminar. 6.45pm. Upstairs at the Black Horse, 6 Rathbone Place.
10-12 SEPTEMBER. MATLOCK. Conference – 'The Politics of Information.' Spkrs.: Phillip Whitehead MP., Peter Hennessey, David McKie, Prof. Anthony King, Dr Tony Barker. Details: Politics Association, 14 Wakefield Close, Strood, Rochester, Kent.
14 SEPTEMBER. LONDON W12. W.E.A. Course, "The Personal and the Political". 10 weeks, Tuesdays from 14 Sept. 6.30 pm. Project Enterprise, 23 Askew Cres.
15 SEPTEMBER. LONDON WC1. 'Tribune Today' – Jon Lansman. Cent. Lond. Fabian Soc. Mary Ward House, 5 Tavistock Place. 7.30 p.m.
17-19 SEPTEMBER. SHEFFIELD. A.C.W. Conference – 'Community Health Issues'. 60 workshops. Food, accommodation, creche, entertainment. Details: Victoria Grandon **0742 77870.**
17 SEPTEMBER, LETCHWORTH, HERTS. 'Labour's Programme 1982' – Michael Meacher MP, 8pm. 50p. Brotherhood Hall, Gernon Rd.
18 SEPTEMBER. Indian Cookery Seminar. Merra Taneja demonstrates central Indian cuisine. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. £9 inc. authentic lunch. Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High St. Tel. **01-602 3252 ext. 214.**
25 SEPTEMBER, MANCHESTER. 'Foreign Policy Implications of British Nuclear Disarmament', Dayshool at Withington Adult Education Centre, Mauldeth Rd., M14. 10am-4pm. Details: 59 Tintern Ave., Manchester M20 8ND.
1 OCTOBER. LONDONDERRY. Goldsmiths' Holography Workshop. A touring show of Holograms opens at the Orchard Gallery. Details: **01-733 3716.**
2 OCTOBER, SHEFFIELD. 'Defence Poljcies in the '80s' 9.30 a.m.-4 p.m. Dayschool – speakers include April Carter, Anthony Arblaster, John Field, Phil Asquith, Mary Kaldor. At Bow Centre. **0742-322690.**
2 OCTOBER, SHEFFIELD. 'The Peace Movement after the Falklands' Public meeting. Speakers include E. P. Thompson, Kate Soper, Richard Carbon MEP, Jean McCrindle. 7.30 p.m. City Hall. **0742-615388.**
4 OCTOBER. LONDON W1. 'A Social Democratic Interpretation of History' – Peter Clarke. History Workshop seminar. 6.45 p.m., Upstairs at the 'Black Horse', 6 Rathbone Place.
6 OCTOBER. LONDON WC1. 'Labour after Conference' – Reg Race MP. Central Lond. Fabian Soc. 7.30 pm. Mary Ward House, 5 Tavistock Place.
16-17 OCTOBER. LONDON. 2nd Women & Computing Conference. Details: **01-439 4242,** ext. 101.
20 OCTOBER. LONDON SW1. 'Labour Campaign for Electoral Reform' – Austin Mitchell MP. Central Lond. Fabian Soc., 7.30 pm. 11 Dartmouth St.
23 OCTOBER, BRIGHTON. Dayschool on Latin America as threat to world peace. Friends Centre, Ship St. **0273-771284/687658.**
30 OCTOBER. WEMBLEY. International Conference on Active Birth. Details: Active Birth Movement, 32 Cholmeley Crescent, London N6 5JR. Tel: **01-348 4636.**
1 NOVEMBER. LONDON W1. Aspects of Feminism in the early Christian Centuries' – Judith Herrin. History Workshop Seminar, Upstairs, 'Black Horse,' 6 Rathbone Place.
5-9 NOVEMBER, SHEFFIELD. History Workshop 16. Subjects inc. Sexual Politics, the State, Peace Movements, People's History. Speakers – Raphael Samual, Sheila Rowbotham, Royden Harrison, Anna Davin. Sheffield City Poly, Pond St. site. **0742 615388.**

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POLAND, DEMONSTRATION and rally to mark the 2-year anniversary of Solidarity's birth. 6 p.m. Speakers Corner, Tuesday 31 August. Polish Solidarity Campaign/Solidarity Trade Union Working Group.

THEOSOPHY: Meetings will resume September. SAE for programme, pamphlet, book list. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

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ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL MAN, 56, seeks attractive, intelligent woman, up to 45, any race, London and surrounds. Box 4534.

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COMMUNE FORMING Oxford area, needs people with capital/income. Some private space. Dale, 6 Mitchell Walk, Amersham, Bucks. 02403 5224.

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FEMALE GRADUATE, 30, seeks male 30+, leftish, London. Box 4556.

FRIENDS GONE abroad? First timer in Personal column seeks non-sexist male company, over 27, in London. Box 4547

HAPPILY DIVORCED YOUNG MIDDLE-AGED LADY, Dublin graduate, non-driver, own flat, Crouch End, university-going kids elsewhere, seeks lasting relationship with professional man. Hobbies: Creative writing, swimming, reading, travel. Could be persuaded to cook once a week! Cheerful, healthy, humour essential. Box 4221.

HELP WANTED: Sociologist, 51, divorced, seeks company of intelligent, attractive, stimulating female. Box 4568.

I AM a quiet, sensitive, middle-brow, Anglo-French-man and I would like to meet a warm-hearted woman, for sharing and caring and happy living. Jacques, 59. Box 4541.

INTELLIGENT, AFFECTIONATE young man (22-30), sought by secure ex-Continental Londoner, 48, bald, hirsute, active, non-scene, lover of good music, theatre, books, food, movies, sunshine holidays, quiet times at home – to share mutual interests and hopefully develop a deeper relationship. Photo please and telephone if possible. Box 4536.

JEWISH UNATTACHED Phone-A-Friend Club, never be lonely again. Details, SAE: Box 4529.

JEWISH LECTURER, 49, seeks attractive, educated woman with view to marriage. Box 4572.

KINDLY, EDUCATED, middle-aged man, to share companionable interests, theatre, concerts, gardening, walking with tall, elegant widow, based Surrey. Box 4528.

LEFT-WING non-smoker, professional, 29, interests history, literature, art, seeks similar man for friendship. London. Box 4573.

LITERARY FEMINIST, preferably lesbian, sought by 48-year-old artistic male. Box 4545.

LIVERPOOL GUY, 36, 6ft 2in, wishes to meet female, for friendship/outings. Box 4560.

LONDON WOMAN, 31, socialist feminist, writer, seeks tall, well-built man. Pref. 35-40, soft-hearted and humorous. Box 4586.

LOOKING FOR INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP, exchange, language practice, hospitality, mail order business, etc? Achieve your goal quickly at low cost. 2 I.R.C's for detail. Asiatic Correspondence Club, PO Box 1228, Lahore, Pakistan.

MALE POLYTECHNIC Lecturer Notts, Sheffield region. Relaxed disposition and wide interests, seeks lady 45-55. Friendship, travel, weekending. Box 4571.

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MUSICAL, PROFESSIONAL female, wishes to share genuine relationship with optimistic, sincere male, 40+, who seizes life's opportunities. Hants. Box 4567.

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QUIET FEMALE seeks single man, early thirties, N. Cheshire/Merseyside. Friendship/marriage. Box 4532.

QUITE ATTRACTIVE, intelligent, practical, sensual SW London woman, seeks free, 50-ish, virile man of sense and sensibility. Box 4540.

RETIRED DIPLOMAT interested golf, walking, theatre, ballet, living SE wishes to meet lady with similar tastes. Box 4550.

SENSITIVE, CARING woman, 45, seeks close friendship with male, 40-60s, concerned with inner and world peace, social action, and perhaps also needing to explore past hurts and difficulties. Box 4531.

SOUTH WALES woman medical graduate, 46, separated, seeks professional male companion. Interests: Travel, cinema, outdoor pursuits and animals. Box 4548.

TALL, AFFLUENT, intelligent man, 35, seeks sensuous older and passionate lady aged 35-65, preferably with a room to let for a short period. Discretion absolutely assured. Photo (small) if possible, please. All letters answered. Please write explicitly to Box 4535.

UNATTACHED, PROFESSIONAL male, 30s, wishes to meet a lovely lady over dinner. Attractive, with much personal and emotional capability, he must break new ground. Box 4564.

UNIVERSITY LECTURER, 29, PhD, with Oxbridge background, seeks female friend, purpose marriage. Box 4557.

WANDERING LONELY AS A CLOUD? Silver linings are gladly provided by 'Status' who will introduce you to the sort of people who would never dream of enrolling with an ordinary Marriage Bureau. 'Status', 7 Oxford Circus Avenue, 231 Oxford Street, London W1R 2HA. Tel: 01-439 1619.

WARM, AFFECTIONATE divorcee, needs loving woman, forties, for happy, honest relationship. Eastern England preferred. Box 4549.

WOMAN GRADUATE, independent for 9 years, interests including the arts, the countryside and people, would like to meet a professional man, aged 45-60, for a mutually fulfilling long-term relationship. Love of music and sense of humour essential. All letters answered. Box 4561.

WRITE FOR Money – with Wordsmith, the new writer's newsletter. Details: Wordsmith, Dept W1, 151 Harefields, Oxford.

Holidays/ Travel

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